

# THE ACADEMY

## A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1817

MARCH 2, 1907

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### Obituary

**F**EBRUARY 21, at Park Lodge, Weston-super-Mare, HENRY GEORGE TOMKINS, late Vicar of Branscombe, sometime Rector of St. Paul's, Exeter, in his eighty-first year.

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## THE LITERARY WEEK

THERE is a feature of the Book War which deserves much closer attention than has yet been given it. It is evident that most of the parties to the struggle are very well able to take care of themselves. The *Times* is a powerful paper, and it is avowedly fighting for its own revenue and other interests. So the publishers also are taking those steps which they think most likely to conduce to the prosperity of the trade in which they are engaged and in which their interests are, at least for the moment, identical with those of the retail booksellers. But the question we should like to ask is, how the proposed cheapening of books is going to affect the young author? Men who have made their mark and secured their reputation may for the moment be left out of account. Perhaps the change might be for their benefit. The publishers who are issuing the old six-shilling book at half a crown have to take measures for selling much larger editions than they sell at present or it would be impossible to maintain their profits.

It is evident that the new state of affairs would cause them to be very shy of giving a start to a beginner. Many promising books written by unknown authors have not exceeded, if they have reached, a sale of one thousand copies. When the price is six shillings this is by no means an unsatisfactory state of things. Suppose the author were getting a royalty of, say, sixpence a copy, he would have twenty-five pounds, and the profits of the publishers would be much larger. But if the custom were to prevail of issuing such books at half a crown the unfortunate youngster would probably have his royalty cut down to threepence—if he got one at all—and even then the publisher would have to be sure of selling two or three thousand before venturing to take the work. Thus the arrangement would act detrimentally to the interests of the beginner in literature. Yet it is of the very greatest importance to the community that he should have a fair field and no favour. We want the career to be open to those who have talent, not to be like kissing, that goes by favour.

Another case that demands attention is that of the fastidious writer who has a public ranging between three and six thousand, who does not write for the million and of whom the million is sublimely ignorant. This class of author, by keeping up the highest traditions of letters and giving the world his best without hope of any except a very modest reward, is much more worth cherishing than the blatant popular novelist who makes his appeal

entirely to the gallery, and whose works, if they are not a curse to English literature, at least add nothing to its value. An arrangement that would add to the wealth of the unscrupulous quacks of literature and be hurtful to its most disinterested practitioners and would at the same time throw cold water on the aspirations of the newcomer, is not one to be cordially welcomed.

Mr. Hugh Johnson, a composer of great taste and vigour, has rendered into Greek in the same measure the exquisite *Pervigilium Veneris*. It is admirably done and shows an immense vocabulary. The refrain is the only line which seems inadequate. There is a simplicity in

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet,

which is not to be found in

αδριον φριξας ερωτι κοβρι φριξας φριξαστω.

And the refrain is everything. "The refrain itself," writes Professor Mackail in his charming *Latin Literature* "has its internal recurrence. . . . As it comes over and over again it seems to set the whole poem swaying to its own music. . . . The first line perpetually repeating itself through the poem like a thread of gold in the pattern or a phrase in the music."

Mr. Johnson has used a poor text. Surely in v. 15 *nodos feraces* is much better than *notos penates*, 25, 26 *ruborem pudebit solvere* must be corrected with Baehrens to *pudorem rubebit*. In 48 *florum restem* "a daisy chain" is far prettier than *florum vestem*, and it has manuscript authority. Mr. Johnson frequently has a long syllable before the final cretic. This would, we suppose, be admissible in a poem of this character, but it mars the metre.

"H. L. N." sends us the following with reference to a letter printed in our issue of February 2:

## THE FOURPENNY BOX

I intended a Note  
But they made it a Letter.  
This is not what I wrote!  
I intended a Note,  
That the gossips might quote,  
But the printers knew better.  
I intended a Note,  
But they made it a Letter.

We need hardly add that our printers were blameless—on this occasion.

In the Obituary of the week occurs the name of the well-known novelist Archibald Claverling Gunter, the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York." We remember the publication of this book and what great expectations were aroused by it: expectations that were not quite satisfied. Mr. Gunter forgot the art of the novelist in his assiduous search for mere effect and his later works were not equal to his first success. Something of Mr. Gunter's varied life was reflected in his novels. He was not a bookworm or a writer of the closet; but he came into direct contact with life in such positions as those of civil engineer, chemist, stockbroker and mining superintendent, and perhaps in a sense this lent more actuality to this work than there would otherwise have been. But the very activity of his mind must have been something of a barrier to its thoughtfulness and so he scarcely rose above the second rank of writers.

Our contemporary, the *Westminster Gazette*, in a note upon this subject, adduces many curious examples of occupations followed by some of the writers living at the moment. Of Mr. Morley Roberts, for instance, we hear that he has been a navvy, and tended cattle and sheep in Australia, that he has been a sailor on many an ocean

tramp and laboured in Texas sawmills, on American railways and in the back-woods of Canada, that he has been an ill-paid clerk and a penniless tramp. Mr. Jack London has an even more interesting record. The list of his occupations includes that of gold-miner, tramp, lecturer, and fish-patrol man. Mr. Frank Bullen and Mr. Bart Kennedy are others who have toiled upwards by difficult and devious paths. These men have all lived novels whatever may be the success with which they have written them.

Our readers will be interested in the following rendering of one of the most beautiful of Matthew Arnold's poems by our accomplished contributor Professor Robert Yelverton Tyrrell. For their convenience we print the English as well as the Greek verses:

## REQUIESCAT

Strew on her roses, roses,  
And never a spray of yew.  
In silence she reposes:  
Ah! would that I did too!

Her mirth the world required:  
She bath'd it in smiles of glee.  
But her heart was tired, tired,  
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,  
In mazes of heat and sound;  
But for peace her soul was yearning,  
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd, ample Spirit,  
It flutter'd and fail'd for breath  
To-night it doth inherit  
The vasty Hall of Death.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## HYPEN ΕΛΕΥΘΕΡΙΗΝ

Ζηνοφίλῃ ῥόδ' ἐμῇ, ῥόδ' ἐμῇ καταχεῖτε θανούσῃ,  
μηδὲ λυγρὰν μήτις σμίλακ' ἐπιστορέσῃ·  
πρῆν ἐν ἡρεμίᾳ εὐδὲ μάλα νήγρετον ὕπνον—  
εὐδὲ—κάμ' ὕπνος ὡς ὠφελετοῖος ἔχειν.

νάμασιν εὐφροσύνης ἐτάρους ὑπέβρεξε συνόντας,  
οἱ δὲ ζῆντ' ἀταλὰς ἄς ἔφερεν χάριτας·  
ἀλλὰ κόπος κραδίην, κραδίην κόπος αἰὲν ἔτειρε·  
νῦν δὲ πόνοὺς κείται πάντας ἀπειπαμένη.

στρομβηδὸν δίνευσ βίος, δίνευσ ἀπείροις  
ἐν δαΐδων αἰγλαῖς καὶ κιθαρῶν ἐνοπαῖς·  
ἡσυχίης δὲ τυχεῖν λίην ἐλιλαίετο θυμός,  
καὶ νῦν ἡσυχίᾳ πάντοθεν ἡμφίασεν.

ἵσπερ ἐν ἐρκταῖς ἡσπαιρεν καὶ ἐποίπνυν ἐντὸς  
σκήνῃ κῆρ κλησθὲν δαψιλὲς εἰν ὀλίγῳ·  
νῦν δὲ Ζηνοφίλῃ νῦν εὐρέος ἔξοχα χώρου,  
Περσεφόνῃς μεγάλων κληρονομεῖ θαλάμῳ.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

Carducci's death, following closely on that of his brother-professor, Graziadio Ascoli, of Milan, is another loss to Italy. These, d'Ancona, and Pasquale Villari (with Arturo Graf); were, or are, among the best of the intellectual and cultured advance-guard in their country. Carducci's "barbarous odes," Ascoli's old Irish—the "antique" bard, and the patient linguist—each represents what was best of its kind. The conferring on the former of the Nobel prize the other day caused an excitement among the Latin race, similar to that of Kipling's Anglo-Indian officer, freed, and recalled to life by the Queen's toast. This prize preceded closely his, Curie's and Moissan's deaths. Carducci was president of the "Pedants," the Florentine literary club of his youth, which edited *Politian*, and was trammelled by Romanticism. Hence his revolt to the classical camp, to the "antique"—even as Ronsard rebelled—to an Italian muse that spoke Greek and Latin. Patriotic, anti-monarchic, anticlerical, Irredentist, he published his "Hymns of Satan." Even in 1890 he wrote on "War" an ode that passionately condemned the Pacifists. His pupil, Gabriel d'Annunzio, is his legitimate successor, as among his masters were Horace, Petrarch, and Ronsard.

We have nothing but praise for the industry with which Miss Marion Edwardes has used her spade in the compilation of "A Summary of the Literature of Modern Europe" (Dent); but we wish that her energy had found a more profitable vent. "To the wayfarer through an unfamiliar country there is no more welcome sight than a sign-post," she remarks in an introductory note; and she goes on to explain that her work "aims at nothing beyond fulfilling the office of a sign-post to the inexperienced traveller along the roads and by-ways of literature": it is to serve "as an outline on which to base a further study of the literatures dealt with." To us it appears to fall between two stools: it is not sufficiently interesting to be read for sake of the pleasure to be gained by reading it; and it is not sufficiently exhaustive to be of value as a work of reference.

Miss Edwardes, in a book of less than five hundred and fifty pages, has attempted to cover the literatures of England, France, Germany, Italy and Spain, from the origins to 1400 A.D. As an example of her method of dealing with the works which pass under review, we may take the following:

*The House of Fame.* Minor poem; 1383, 1384 (Koch). Unfinished (octosyllabic rhymed couplets). The poet is carried in a vision to the Temple of Venus; and thence by an eagle to the House of Fame; description of both places. Modelled on Dante's "Commedia" (Skeat), but see Lounsbury, "Studies in Chaucer, vol. ii. 237 ff. Sources: Ovid's "Metamorphoses"; reminiscences of other writers. Printed by Caxton (undated). Ed., T. R. Lounsbury, See A. C. Garret (on source of main framework, etc.), "Studies and Notes in Phil. and Lit.," v. 151 ff. MSS., Fairfax, 16; Bodley, 638; Magd. Coll. Camb. (Pepys).

"The poet is carried in a vision to the Temple of Venus, and thence by an Eagle to the House of Fame; description of both places." Shade of Baedeker! A love of literature cannot be aroused by this sort of thing.

Mr. F. A. Newdegate, D.L., of Arbury Park, Nuneaton, is showing a proper pride in the fact that George Eliot spent many of her early years on his ancestral estate where her father, brother and nephew served as land agent. He is going to erect a monument cut from stone quarried on the "Hollows Farm." It will be a pillar nine feet high, and will be placed in Arbury Park with a suitable inscription.

We have received a letter from Mr. Burdett Coutts in which he asks us to give some attention to a letter from him that appeared in the daily press a few days ago. It was to the effect that he is engaged in writing a life of the Baroness Burdett Coutts. He is not going to pay so much



attention to the public aspect of her life, which has received adequate notice in the public press for many years past, as to that of which much remains to be told and more explained. Mr. Burdett Coutts laments that there is no one remaining, no Dickens or Disraeli who combining the finest literary art with long and intimate personal knowledge, could give an adequate character-study. He will therefore concentrate his attention on the facts of her life. He tells us that the house in Stratton Street is like a record office, stocked with papers and correspondence going back more than a hundred years. None of them ever passed outside its walls. It would be a very serious task to examine all these papers and Mr. Burdett Coutts requests that all those who happen to possess letters from the Baroness to them or their forbears should communicate with him.

"What I aspired to be, and was not, comforts me," sings Browning. We hope it will comfort Mr. Paul L. Falzon, the author of a little volume entitled "Love's Re-awakening and other Poems," from which we quote the following lines:

O to be a poet !  
To find a grief in every joy,  
For every pain a balm,  
In everything a charm :—  
Such is the poet's life ! . . .

O to be a poet !  
To walk among the fairy flowers,  
To see their dewy tears,  
(They are such lovely dears !)—  
Such is the poet's life ;

for we are afraid that the aspiration is not likely to be realised.

Mr. Falzon does not confine himself to one metre. Another poem contains a pathetic appeal :

O why  
Can I  
Not make thee feel,  
My own,  
And why  
Can I  
Not make thee reel  
On hearing  
The cadencing majestic beat,  
So powerful and overbearing  
Of poesy's most tender tone.  
With angel's own high harmony replete !  
I ask thee why :—  
O, tell me why !

Candidly, we would rather not.

In an introduction which is prefixed to a volume of Matthew Arnold's Essays recently added to Messrs. Dent's "Everyman's Library," there is a paragraph in which England's obligations to the critic are summed up :

Our actual obligations to Matthew Arnold are almost beyond expression. His very faults reformed us. The chief of his services may perhaps be stated thus, that he discovered (for the modern English) the purely intellectual importance of humility. He had none of that hot humility which is the fascination of saints and good men. But he had a cold humility which he had discovered to be a mere essential of the intelligence. To see things clearly, he said, you must "get yourself out of the way." The weakness of pride lies after all in this; that oneself is a window. It can be a coloured window, if you will: but the more thickly you lay on the colours the less of a window it will be. The two things to be done with a window are to wash it and then forget it. So the truly pious have always said the two things to do personally are to cleanse and to forget oneself.

We agree with the sentiment; it is a little odd that it should be expressed by Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

In our last week's issue we stated that the majority of the chapters in Mr. Ian Malcolm's "Indian Pictures and Problems" had appeared previous to their publication in book form. The distinguished author writes to say that, as a matter of fact, about a fourth of the book only has been printed before in different periodicals.

## LITERATURE

### A STUDY OF MECHANISM

*Running Water.* By A. E. W. MASON. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. net.)

THE question that arises after reading Mr. Mason's new book is, why does not the author become a great writer? Here it would seem that all the elements that go to make a novelist of the highest rank were present, and yet the novel itself belongs to the hopeless second grade of literature. Mr. A. E. W. Mason has at least the element of style. He is a clear writer whose meaning cannot possibly be mistaken; he has sympathy, tenderness, enthusiasm, love of Nature, and all these find adequate expression. What is lacking in his style is, first of all, humour; second, individuality; and, third, playfulness, with all the ease and security that it implies. There is in this volume a good deal of this kind of statement, that two and two make four. It is not inelegant, and Mr. Mason is never obscure or diffuse. He says what he has to say briefly and pointedly, but we never feel that there is a personality looking out through his eyes. It would not be an exaggeration to say that he is invariably serious and in earnest. Never for a moment does he lose sight of the object that he has in view nor does he even appear to do so. Yet it is not on that ground that the title of a great writer must be refused to him. Mr. Mason is old-fashioned in his technique. It is the legitimate object of every novelist so to impress on the reader the world of his imagination that for the time being it is more real than reality itself. Probably there are many admirers of the novelist who will claim that he succeeds in doing this. He strikes a chord of interest in the first chapter, and the reader never loses touch with it until the end of the volume. That in itself is a great achievement. It may be readily admitted that no writer can be great who is not, in the first place, interesting. Then Mr. Mason is by no means deficient in invention. His characters in the book before us are both original and arresting. He has chosen for heroine an open-air girl, not one of those vulgar tomboys who, with hot, red faces, unkempt hair and masculine clothing, try to ape the ways of the other sex, but a girl who has a fine and pure delight in Nature and the open air. Indeed without any set description Mr. Mason has been successful in producing the impression of a girl of such absolute purity that she reminds us of such exquisite natural things as a half-opened rosebud at sunrise, a newly unfolded spring flower or that unsmirched sky that with its blue fields and heavy clouds lies over mountain and moorland far away from the contamination of smoke. And the characters by whom she is surrounded are without exception drawn in vivid and sure lines. The girl's father is a scoundrel of a unique type, an old Alpine guide who though fallen from the estate of integrity still retains within himself glimmerings of this finer intelligence that lighted up his mind when he was climbing the great mountains. With him are other scoundrels who never cease to be amusing. Beyond all that, Mr. Mason has been able to bring in with much effect the scenery and atmosphere of the Alps. In reading, one feels the snow and the pure cold air, one hears the roar of glacier and avalanche, one recognises the danger of the rock and the crevasse.

Willingly and gladly we concede all these merits to the author, yet we feel convinced that few readers of discrimination would feel impelled to read this volume a second time. It lacks *vraisemblance*, for as we have said, Mr. Mason while still comparatively young in his craft is nevertheless an old-fashioned novelist. That is to say, he is one who poses as omniscient. He knows the thoughts which cross the mind of the youthful virgin as she is courting slumber in the privacy of her own bedroom and records the conversations of men whose lives are one continuous secret, and openly lays bare the

thoughts of all his characters. Now in the early days of the craft this was permissible. One reads Sir Walter Scott and does not feel that he was doing anything unusual when he explains the attitude of mind and the secret ideas of his favourite heroines but in all arts there is, or should be, an advance. Even the novelist cannot afford to sit still. It is demanded of him in these times that he should take more care about the illusion that he wishes to produce. His is a stage, but the spectators will soon grow weary if they see him continually collecting the stage furniture and knocking up the various scenes with a hammer and nails. Moreover, Mr. Mason has not exercised his power of invention or imagination in regard to the incidents in this novel. Where a number of characters are living altogether in a village or where they are united by the same profession, their biographies become naturally intertwined and the life of one is more or less the life of all the others. But Mr. Mason's world is very wide, and he has, as it were, to force a connection between Alpine climbers and millionaires, sharpers, money-lenders, and sinners of various other sorts. In a word, the long arm of coincidence has to be used much too freely. We feel that the narrative is at times very forced, and surely it is one test of a great novel that what the older critics call the fable flows on smoothly, uninterruptedly and naturally, like some clear brook that may at one moment dash foaming over a precipice and at another meander softly through green and daisy-clad meadows.

At times Mr. Mason approaches perilously near the absolutely sensational, as becomes evident from a mere glance at the opening chapters. There is something melodramatic in the suspicion with which Mrs. Thesiger watches her daughter Cynthia in the first chapter. In the third chapter we find a dead man in the mountains and Mr. Mason is unable to resist the fifth-rate writer's love of the horrible:

It was the face of Chayne's friend John Lattery; and in a way most grotesque and horrible it bobbed and nodded at him, as though the neck was broken and the man yet lived. When Francois just below cried, "Gently, gently," it seemed that the dead man's mouth was speaking.

Chayne uttered a cry; then a deathly sickness overcame him. He dropped the rope, staggered a little way off like a drunken man and sat down upon the ice with his head between his hands.

The card-sharpping business and the bloodthirsty crimes which Mr. Strood tries to carry out are also in some measure transpontine. One would not notice them as faults in the work of a novelist from whom writing of the highest kind was not expected. But they are blemishes in Mr. Mason, who has gone on improving step by step since he wrote his first novel. We hope he has not yet sat down with clasped hands in the belief that there are no more worlds to conquer. On the contrary, his art presents to him a wide range of possibilities. Indeed we cannot think that the novel of the future will not be a great advance on the novel of the past. It must be so life-like that he who reads it must accept it as an authentic document taken from life. Some hold that no kind of narrative except the personal will be permitted and that such shiftings of scene as we see in "Running Water" will be enough to damn a novel. We leave off one chapter in the middle of the Alps and the next scene opens in the London office of a money-lender. This is not the way of biography, which is the true model for all novels. Again in the novel of the future there will, we hope, be plenty of incident and movement, but it will arise as naturally from the nature of the characters as it would do in ordinary life and it is only in a crude style of art that these incidents will be given in their stark nakedness. The fastidious public will have a right to demand that, independent of the mere events, there will be something of pathos and humour, of laughter and tears in the method of describing them.

It may appear to be unreasonable to ask from an author what he does not make any pretence of offering, but on the other hand there would be little value in criticism if it did not dwell on the ideal. No one who has

given attention to the matter at all would dispute the statement that of recent years the standard of the novelist has to some extent fallen from its high estate, and one cannot wonder at this because the temptations that beset the modern composer of fiction are so strong as to be almost irresistible. The largest public that buys books seems to pay no attention whatever to beauties either of style or of construction. It is a commonplace to say that the exquisite detail in which the masters of the craft delighted is never noticed in those novels that have the greatest vogue. All that can be done, then, is to try to remind the reader of those beauties which abound in great work, and while not ignoring the gift or talent of any writer, to keep on urging him forward. Were the writing and reading of imaginative literature to be regarded only as an amusement, these remarks would still not be uncalled for, but our idea of the functions and aims of literature is a much larger one.

### MAN'S HIGH DESTINY

*The Kingdom of Man.* By E. RAY LANKESTER. (Constable, 3s. 6d.)

IT appears to have been ordained from the first that man should employ his time and talent in searching out the mysteries of the Cosmos, in piecing together the riddle of Life: letting

Knowledge grow from more to more.

But, in an evil moment, he was prevailed upon to take a short cut—to find the answer without the labour of hunting for it—and, accordingly, he took a bite of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, only to be blinded as a consequence by the vision which burst upon him of the stupendousness of his task: the hopelessness of victory. Dazed and overwhelmed by such an appalling discovery, his efforts have been, through all the ages till now, diffused, and half-hearted: or devoted to fanning the flames of open rebellion. Sedition-mongers have pronounced the splendid commission given to man a mockery: and have continued to win converts by insinuating, or openly protesting, that any attempt on man's part to understand his origin and his destiny was nothing less than rank impiety; knowing well the relief to the mentally weak, or slothful, that such arguments would bring, and that the majority would deliberately shirk the duty of consulting the original mandate: "Have dominion over the earth and subdue it."

From time to time, however, prophets have arisen among us, bidding us turn again into the narrow way, and adding to their objurgations promises of rewards to come. But they have done more than this, for they have worked miracles to convince unbelievers. They have healed the sick and the halt, and conquered space and time; yet the world looks coldly on their efforts and their work. And of no people is this more true than of the people of our own country. In spite of the missionary work of the men of our own day: Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Pasteur—to mention but a few names—we still remain, as a nation, unconverted. They made it their business in life to preach the gospel of nature-knowledge: to draw their fellow men from the worthless cult of "ancient elegance and historic wisdom."

Among those who are still with us few, perhaps, have laboured more strenuously to force home the importance of this nature-knowledge to the well-being of the community, than Dr. Ray Lankester. Thrice within the last year or two he has made this theme the subject of a special discourse: while for years past he has striven to bring home to those upon whom responsibility rests, the place that science must take in our national life, if we are to hold our own in the struggle for existence. The three discourses to which we have referred have just been revised, and issued in the form of a small and fully illustrated volume, which must be read by all who would bid the recording Angel, "Write me as one who loves his fellow men!" Nero fiddled while Rome was burning, and



Professor Lankester insists, and rightly, that those who govern us to-day, and those upon whom devolves the duty of training those who shall govern us to-morrow, are engaged in exercises no less fantastic. He has conjured up for us, in the three chapters of this book, a lurid picture of our position to-day; while, at the same time, he gives us a masterly exposition of what the new learning will do for us, both as regards our private and our public affairs. The latest discoveries in astronomy, physics, chemistry, and biology are here lucidly set forth; and in such a way that even the most sceptical must feel that we have too long neglected our duty in this matter. Nowhere else can there be found so luminous a summary of the rôle played by microscopic parasitic plants and animals in causing disease in man and the creatures which he has domesticated. Of that dreadful scourge of the human race, syphilis, one of the latest to be tracked, Professor Lankester writes:

For more than thirty years, a few workers, here and there, have been searching for this parasite, and the means of suppressing this awful curse of which it is the instrument. It would have been discovered many years ago had greater value been set on the inquiries which lead to such discoveries by those who direct the public expenditure of civilised States. And now the complete suppression of this dire enemy of humanity is as plain and certain a piece of work to be accomplished as is the building of an ironclad. But it will not be for many years because of the ignorance and unbelief of those who alone can act for the community in such matters. The discovery . . . of that well nigh ultra-microscopic germ of death, seemed to me, as I gazed at its delicate shape, a thing of greater significance to mankind than the emendation of a Greek text or the determination of the exact degree of turpitude of a statesman of a bygone age.

That diseases, like the poor, are always with us, we are but too well aware. Yet but few laymen, probably, are cognisant of the part that lowly plants and animals play therein, or of the way in which we become adjusted to resist their attacks. And thus they fail to realise that man, and the creatures dependent on him, in migrating to other and distant areas, become exposed to the attacks of new diseases to which they are not adjusted; while at the same time they infect the native fauna with such diseases as they have brought with them. Thus an exchange of diseases is brought about, the migrants and the autochthonous fauna each becoming infected by parasites to which they are not adjusted, an enormous mortality resulting. That this plays a serious part in hindering the work of colonising is obvious, and, by way of illustration, Professor Lankester takes the case of the dread scourges, sleeping-sickness and malaria. Happily, by his representations, a Professorship has been established at Cambridge, and another in London, for the purpose of investigating both the harmless and the parasitic types of the lower, microscopic, animals.

But it is not merely for the purpose of combating disease that man is bidden to turn to the book of nature for instruction. Commercially and economically we have much at stake. The breeding of animals and the cultivation of our fields and fisheries would be immensely benefited by a closer study of the laws of growth and reproduction. Already this study has made great strides, but it is up-hill work at present for those engaged in it. This very question of our Fisheries is one which Professor Lankester has done more than any one else in this country to place on a scientific basis. To his efforts we owe the foundation of the Marine Biological Laboratory at Plymouth, as well as the formation of a Committee for the investigation of our North Sea Fisheries. And from these have come results of lasting scientific value.

"One of nature's insurgent sons," Professor Lankester passes a scathing indictment on our antiquated and harmful notions of education, more especially with regard to the systems applied at Oxford and Cambridge, the great centres of learning in this country, and, consequently, the mainsprings, one would imagine, of all that is wisest and best in this most responsible work. But the prospect to-day is hopeful. Science holds an honoured place in these classic shades, and the time is not far off, perhaps

when she will be allowed to have a voice as to the method of teaching the "humanities." This is what the rebellious son is striving for, at any rate. When this day comes a tremendous step forward will have been taken, for the discipline of scientific research which is now confined to the students of biology and physics and chemistry, will have extended to that far greater number who, as the result of prejudices earlier instilled, affect a contempt for "stinks." But Professor Lankester rightly contends that the broad outlines, at least, of the principles of "stinks" should form a part of the education of every youth. And this is surely not too much to ask from those who demand from all who desire to enter upon a University career, an acquaintance, at least, with the ancient tongues of Greek and Latin.

Finally, the key to the position which Professor Lankester has courageously taken up is to be found in the opening paragraph of the first chapter of the book:

It has become [he says] more and more a matter of conviction to me . . . that the time has arrived when the true relation of nature to man has been so clearly ascertained that it should be more generally known than is at present the case, and that this knowledge should form, far more largely than it does at this moment, the object of human activity and endeavour—that it should be in fact, the guide of State government, the trusted basis of the development of human communities. That it is not so already, that men should still allow their energies to run in other directions, appears to some of us a thing so monstrous, so injurious to the prosperity of our fellow men, that we must do what lies within our power to draw attention to the conditions and circumstances which attend this neglect, the evils arising from it, and the benefits which must follow from its abatement.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

#### NOTES ON SOPHOCLES

*Paralipomena Sophoclea*: Supplementary Notes on the Text and Interpretation of Sophocles. By LEWIS CAMPBELL. (Rivingtons, 6s. net.)

It is very difficult to review a book such as that now before us. None but professed scholars take any interest either in the text or the meaning of passages divorced from their context, and professed scholars will generally be found to have made up their minds about these passages. They will not discuss them again unless some fresh evidence is forthcoming. An editor, especially an editor of Sophocles, must have at least two qualities to bring to bear on his work. He must be a perfect grammarian, with a thorough knowledge of the rules which govern Attic Greek of the classical period and the limits within which a great poet may modify them. He must also have an unerring sense of style and poetical insight which will prevent him from laying the heavy hand of correction on poetry because it is not prose. Jebb had both these qualities in perfection. Dr. Campbell is more largely endowed with the second than the first. The late Professor B. H. Kennedy was a perfect master of grammar, but in dealing with a poet he adheres too closely to the matter of fact. So do the German school of critics, and they lack the great advantage which Kennedy and Jebb had in being finished composers of Greek verse. As an example of that *lacuna* in the critical apparatus of Kennedy we would point to *Oed. Rex* 1464, where Oedipus begs Creon to protect his daughters, and says of them with pathetic iteration, "who never knew their table set aloof, apart from me." Kennedy will not have *χωρίς* and *ἀπὸ* in the same sense, and understands the latter to mean "without special direction on my part." But would the tortured old king think of thus qualifying a pathetic utterance in a moment of deep emotion? Besides, it suggests a ludicrous picture of Oedipus telling the servants "Antigone and Ismene are not to dine with me to-day." This is a characteristic vice of the German school. Thus, according to the Teubner editor, Meckler, Sophocles must not describe Deianira as "sweetly sleeping" (*Trachin.* 175). No: in her agitated state her nights must have been poor, and *ἡδύως* must be corrected to *ἐνδύως*, a prosaic word supposed to mean "poorly." The same critic changes *μελανθὲν αἷμα* to *μολυνθὲν αἷμα* in *Ajax* 919, we suppose because he doubts whether blood

really becomes darker when exposed to the air; but would Tecmessa, woman though she was, have thought at such a moment of the soiled condition of the garb of Ajax? We do not think Mistress Quickly would have been guilty of such a *banalité*.

To advert to a few of the comments of Dr. Campbell, in *Ant.* 231 he accepts Seyffert's σπουδῇ βραδύς in preference to the reading of the margin of L., σχολῇ ταχύς. Now that reading would have been very unlikely to be invented by a scholiast, involving as it does an apparent contradiction in terms, but the phrase "I took my time about hurrying" harmonises well with the general vulgarism of the guard's speech. Surely this is designedly comic:

My liege, I will not say that I came breathless from speed, or that I have plied a nimble foot; for often did my thoughts make me pause and wheel round in my path, to return. My mind was holding large discourse with me: "Fool, why goest thou to thy certain doom?" "Wretch, tarrying again? And if Creon heard this from another, must not thou smart for it?" So debating, I took my time about hurrying, and thus a short road was made long. At last, however, it carried the day that I should come thither—to thee; and though my tale be nought, yet will I tell it; for I come with a good grip on one hope—that I can suffer nothing but what is my fate.

Does not this pretentious prattle strongly remind one of the first appearance of Launcelot Gobbo (*Merchant of Venice*, ii. 2) in the scene beginning:

Certainly my conscience will serve me to run away from this Jew my master. The fiend is at my elbow, and tempts me . . . My conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience.

In *Ant.* 613 it is hasty to say that there is "a corruption too deep for remedy." If πᾶμολις be corrected to πᾶμολις in agreement with νόμος ὅδε, and the other words of the clause be marked with inverted commas, as giving the words of the law, an excellent sense emerges:

For ever will prevail this Universal Law: "no step in man's life fares aloof from Doom."

We cannot regard as successful or even plausible the attempt to defend *Ant.* 904-920.

It is amazing that in *Ajax* 1281 the editor should reject the certain and beautiful emendation of Krauss, οὐδὲ σὺ μὴ βῆναι ποδὶ, which provides a precise answer to Agamemnon's taunt in v. 1237, and defend the corrupt οὐδὲ συμβῆναι ποδὶ. Agamemnon had said of Ajax that he never took his stand in any place of danger where he, Agamemnon, was not also to be found. He never said anything so absurd as that the second champion among the Greeks never faced the foe in fight. The copyist mistook οὐδὲ for οὐ, then μὴ was omitted as superfluous, συμβῆναι was corrected to συμβῆναι, and οὐδὲ was read *metri gratia*.

In *Oed. Rex* 877 we do not see what is gained by ἐξώρουσεν. The wanting syllable is much better supplied by reading:

ἀπότομον ἄλμ' ὤρουσεν εἰς ἀνάγκαν

which is very likely a reminiscence of πῆδημ' ὀρούσας in Aeschylus's *Agam.* 826.

In *Oed. Col.* can στόμα . . . ἴεντες mean "uttering the voice"? Has Dr. Campbell overlooked or deliberately neglected Professor Housman's brilliant πρόντες? In *Frag.* 777 we find ὀδόντι πρίε τὸ στόμα. Cf. also *Trach.* 976.

On 161 the comment is "if τῶν is impossible, τό may be right." But τῶν is quite right, and is governed by μεταίσταθ', εἶνε . . . φύλαξ being διὰ μέσου, a construction common in the Attic poets, though alien from English usage. It may, however, be illustrated by the story of the advocate who is reported to have said: "Yes, my lord, your lordship is quite right and I am quite wrong, as your lordship generally is." The words "and I am quite wrong" are διὰ μέσου, and do not influence the succeeding words.

The introduction of a part of μηδαμὸς in 278, is anticipated in Macmillan's Parnassus edition of 1897. So is πανήμερος in the sense of "all-peaceful" in *Trach.* 660.

It is amazing that he still rejects Jebb's brilliant emendations of *Oed. Rex* 1219, ὥσπερ ἰάλεμον χέων, *Oed. Col.* 540, ἐπωφελήσας, and *Trach.* 911, ἐπ' ἄλλοις.

In 1220 τοῦ θέλοντος is the genitive of ὁ θέλων, not τὸ θέλον, "more than God wills" (to give him), as in 1604 παντὸς δρώντος comes from πᾶς δρῶν not πᾶν δρῶν. In *Trach.* 196 τὸ ποθοῦν should be τὸ πόθουν, "what they desired."

In *Phil.* 1149 φύγδα . . . πηδᾶτε is much better than φηγᾶ πηδᾶτε, which could hardly mean "shyly approach." The rarity of φύγδα would cause the corruption.

We have space only for one comment on the *Electra*. It is a brilliant restoration of verse 220:

τὰ δὲ τοῖς δυνατοῖς  
οὐκ ἐρίστα πλάθειν

which Jebb translates (disguising the intolerably otiose πλάθειν).

but such strife should not be pushed to a conflict with the strong (literally "so as to face them").

The conjecture, the authorship of which we are unable to ascertain, is:

τὸ δὲ τοῖς δυνατοῖς  
οὐκ ἐρίστα ἴλθει

but the maxim "we must not struggle against the strong" is forgotten.

How often has the meaning of a passage in Greek or Latin eluded us because the ancient world had not marks of quotation or other modern devices! How puzzling would be "it was and I said not but," which italics make clear; or Shakespeare's:

Letting I dare not wait upon I would,  
Like the poor cat i' the adage,

which is quite intelligible through the use of italics or inverted commas.

## A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY REALIST

Antonio Pollaiuolo. By MAUD CRUTWELL. (Duckworth, 7s. 6d. net.)

OUTSIDE the work of Crowe and Cavalcaselle, little has been written until quite recently about the brothers Pollaiuolo. Mr. Berenson did much, in the more specialised study of his "Florentine Drawings," to suggest the general lines on which the comparative study of the work of Antonio and Piero should proceed, and now Miss Crutwell has followed with the first monograph that has been published in any language on Antonio. That the subject has found an exponent who is at once versed in the art of the period and a competent critic, will be known to those who have read her previous books on Verrocchio and the della Robbia.

Antonio Pollaiuolo holds a place of considerable importance in the development of Italian art. Following in the wake of Donatello, Castagno and Alessio Baldovinetti, he did much, by his "naturalistic" studies, to make the art of Michelangelo possible. As in the case of Baldovinetti, the most charming side of his realism is the faithful representation of the landscape of the Val d'Arno, which appears in many of his paintings. But of more importance to the progress of art was his particular devotion to the study of the human nude, and it is here that we find both his real genius and the nature of his limitations. His study of the human body went far deeper than the literal translation of form. To quote Miss Crutwell's words:

He was chiefly preoccupied with its movements, the movements not only of limb and joint, but the play of the muscles under the skin. . . . He played with the body as a juggler with his balls, putting it into a hundred difficult postures, with such science of its structure that they hardly seem strange, concentrating effort in the swell and tension of a muscle, and fury in the downward curve of a lip. Violent, brutal, savage—all these words may be applied to his scenes of combat, but physical force and energy have never been so superbly presented before or since. Not even Signorelli nor Michelangelo has



equalled him, and who can say to what extent are due to him those magnificent achievements of the nude in action—the *Inferno* of Orvieto and the *Last Judgment* of the Sistine Chapel?

We admit that his two panels of the *Labours of Hercules* (Uffizi), the masterly study for *Hercules and the Hydra* (British Museum), and the fragments of the recently found frescoes in the Villa della Gallina, Torre del Gallo, near Florence, are convincing proofs of Antonio's skill in treating the nude in action. But an impartial consideration of his masterpiece of painting, the Pucci altar-piece in the National Gallery, should save us from an exaggeration of his real genius. In spite of the splendid success of the two archers loading their bows in the foreground (the only figures of the central group which Miss Crutwell allows to be painted by Antonio), we feel that here is still the craftsman, who had little of the power of a Signorelli or a Michelangelo to free himself from the savour of the studio in the greatness of his subject.

Though ostensibly devoted to Antonio, the monograph has, of course, much to say of his younger, and much weaker, brother Piero. How much more powerful a character was that of Antonio, may be immediately divined from the busts on their joint monument in St. Pietro in Vincoli at Rome.

Miss Crutwell's book is exceedingly thorough in the critical distinction of their work. One point in particular, which has already been published in the *Miscellanea d'Arte*, may still be new to many English students, i.e., the import of the recently discovered documents in relation to the *Virtues* of the Uffizi. In the gallery, the *Prudencia* is still attributed to Antonio, and the rest, with the exception of the *Fortitudo* by Botticelli, to Piero. It now appears that, despite the greater excellence of the *Prudencia*, this, too, must, at least in the greater part, be Piero's work. The cartoon by Antonio, which figures on the back of the panel, can hardly have been done except, as Miss Crutwell suggests, as a sort of object-lesson to the younger brother, possibly when the picture was already nearly finished. Botticelli, who had hitherto been regarded, in this relation, in the light of an assistant to Antonio, is now definitely shown to have been a competitor with Piero for the commission. Verrocchio is a third artist who is known to have offered a design (rejected), which Dr. Gronau has identified with a drawing attributed to Botticelli in the Uffizi (Corn. 52, No. 208).

There is one point in the criticism of Antonio's pictures where we venture to think, Miss Crutwell offers a dangerous hypothesis, i.e., in reference to the last three canvases of the *Labours of Hercules*, painted for the Medici in 1460. It has been supposed that the two engravings by Robetta were engraved after the small panels of the Uffizi. There are variations, however, in the figures and in the squarer shape of the prints which render Miss Crutwell's suggestion that they were based on the lost canvases plausible. But we cannot think there is sufficient reason to regard the difference in the landscape as depending on the same cause. However "feeble and imitative" Robetta was, his adaptation of Filippino's Uffizi *Adoration*, and his addition of the group of angels, shows that he was capable of very graceful invention of his own, and the landscape in question is one that is entirely characteristic of Robetta, quite apart from his models.

Antonio's work lay more in the arts of the goldsmith, metal-chaser and sculptor than in painting. Among the less-known works we would mention in particular the magnificent pageant shield representing the *Death of Milo*, belonging to Signor Brauer, of Florence, which came from the Capel Cure sale in London in 1905. With the attribution to Antonio of another sculptor's work, the gesso relief (*The Genius of Discord*) in the South Kensington Museum, we feel less convinced, while at the same time we think it far nearer the mark than Miss Crutwell's former suggestion of Verrocchio, or Dr. Bode's Leonardo. Considered as a work of his Roman period, there is much to account for the added grace of figure and favour of

countenance which seem to divide it from Antonio's other nudes. The absolute change of style which Pollaiuolo underwent after his removal to Rome in 1484 is shown in the monuments of Sixtus IV. and Innocent VIII. in St. Peter's, an advance scarcely paralleled in the life of any artist of the period. In the graceful figures of the Arts and Sciences on the tomb of Sixtus IV. we seem transported beyond Michelangelo, and almost anticipate the spirit of Benvenuto Cellini.

One thing we would mention in reference to the chapter on the drawings, i.e., the notice of a sketch-book of designs given by Antonio to a jeweller, Francesco del Lavacchio, which was seen by the antiquary, Dei, in the possession of the Marzimedici in 1756. It is unknown whether this book is still in existence, and it is something for the seeker after art treasures not to forget.

The illustrations are excellent, and the appendix, consisting of documents relating to the life, list of works and bibliography, makes the book of extreme value to students. The latter, however, is not so free from printer's errors as is the text.

#### A CAROLINE MINOR POET

*Thomas Stanley: his original Lyrics.* Edited by L. I. GUINEY. (Hull: Tutin, 2s. 6d. net.)

LAST September we reviewed the delightful "Anacreontea" of Thomas Stanley, then recently reprinted by Mr. A. H. Bullen. We offer a hearty welcome now to the same author's original poems, published by another good friend to lovers of English poetry and agreeable reprints, Mr. Tutin of Hull. The work of editing has been carried out by Mrs. Guiney, who has clearly brought devotion and delight to her task. She has collated the editions of 1647, 1651, and 1657, all published during the author's life-time; and out of them she has made a composite text of her own devising. That is a pity. The general reader will not trouble to turn up the *varia lectiones* at the end of the book; he will not know exactly what he is reading, and more than once he will be reading something which appears in no edition of Stanley at all, but is Mrs. Guiney's own. In one case ("Palinode," l. 5) the editor has misunderstood the poet's meaning, and spoils the point of his verse by an alteration which defies all three texts. It is obviously beauty, not reason or philosophy, to which are applied the lines:

That would'st within tyrannic laws  
Confine the power of each free cause;

and to print *would* for *would'st* is indefensible. We could cite instances, too, where the editor has clearly made choice of an inferior reading; but since we have not set out to make a textual criticism of the edition, it will be enough to warn the reader that he must not neglect the careful list of various readings which Mrs. Guiney has provided.

Thomas Stanley is a poet whom it is well to reprint. He is not a great poet; he is not a pioneer, nor one who had any influence on the poetry of his own or succeeding times. He is merely a poet of the mode, who wrote in the fashionable manner of his time and cannot be classed equally with the Herrick, the Suckling, the Lovelace, whom he constantly suggests. But the mode of his time was such a delightful mode that we cannot have too much of it: and Stanley has an hour or two's pleasure to offer to any one who loves or envies the "mysterious trick of music," as Mrs. Guiney well calls it, which marks even the feeblest lyrics of the Caroline age. If we analyse the charm, we shall find it to consist mainly in mere words, especially with poets of the rank of Stanley. Heshows, it is true, flashes of that brave scorn of love which we find in Suckling and others, and there is at least one cry for release from life which also almost tempts one to believe it genuine. But that "almost" is the furthest we can go. Stanley is not a poet who convinces you that he is in earnest. It is possible to make too much of the effect of

the state of a nation's life on contemporary poetry; but it remains true that Stanley belonged to a period when national life was not running high, when men were rather tasteful than creative: and in withdrawing himself, as he did, from the strife of great parties that had broken out before the publication of his 1651 edition, he showed himself (what indeed he was) a student, a scholar—sensitive and eclectic rather than passionate and full-blooded. He sings of love, but he sings of it to pattern, with polish and refinement rather than heat; and it does not need William Fairfax's assurance to persuade us that these ladies, whom he addresses in terms which have sometimes a great appearance of warmth, are imaginary. Chariessa, Chloris, Celia, are not three women; they are not even Mrs. Stanley; they are abstractions; and when the poet gives himself a name it is Philocharis.

What, then, should tempt us to read a man whom we know to have been pretending all the while, and who has nothing great, nothing exalting, nothing moving, to offer us? The answer lies in the poetry:

Ask the empress of the night  
How the hand which guides her sphere,  
Constant in unconstant light,  
Taught the waves her yoke to bear,  
And did thus by loving force  
Curb or tame the rude sea's course.

Ask the female palm how she  
First did woo her husband's love;  
And the magnet, ask how he  
Doth th' obsequious iron move;  
Waters, plants, and stones know this;  
That they love; not what love is.

Be not thou less kind than these,  
Or from Love exempt alone.  
Let us twine like amorous trees,  
And like rivers melt in one.  
Or, if thou more cruel prove,  
Learn of steel and stones to love.

Its very artificiality makes that a good example to choose; for, though it is far from being the best poem in the volume, no one can miss its charm. Stanley is delightfully neat, delicate and fanciful; he achieves just that deliberate spontaneity (if the paradox may be pardoned) which always in the poetry of his time approaches the epigrammatic while always avoiding the sharpness of epigram; and his verses ring with the exquisitely clear sound which was apparently as difficult to avoid then as it is difficult to obtain to-day. Let us take one more example:

Celinda, by what potent art  
Or unresisted charm  
Dost thou thine ear and frozen heart  
Against my passion arm?

Or by what hidden influence  
Of powers in one combin'd  
Dost thou rob Love of either sense,  
Made deaf as well as blind?

Sure thou as friends united hast  
Two distant deities,  
And scorn within thy heart hast plac'd,  
And love within thine eyes;

Or those soft fetters of thy hair  
(A bondage that disdains  
All liberty) do guard thine ear  
Free from all other chains.

Then my complaint how canst thou hear,  
Or I this passion fly,  
Since thou imprison'd hast thine ear,  
And not confin'd thine eye?

Admirable and diligent translator though he was, Stanley was only a minor poet; but there is something about him that many a major poet of to-day would be glad to catch.

## THE DESERT AND THE SOWN

*The Desert and the Sown.* By GERTRUDE LOWTHIAN BELL.  
(Heinemann, 16s. net.)

It is not too high praise to say that the book before us is the most charming addition to the literature of travel that has been published for many years—we had almost said, and we think we should be justified in saying, for many decades. And there is something more than charm to be found in its every page: there is fascination, a something that holds the reader spell-bound, rivets his attention, keeps his body glowing long after the pipe has gone out and the cinders have grown cold in the grate and the clock is striking the small hours that herald the dawning of day. Perhaps we can pay Miss Bell no better compliment than to record the fact that, having picked up her book in our study after dinner, we were conscious of nothing save Syria till the twittering of the sparrows reminded us that the inexorable laws of Nature must be obeyed, and we stumbled reluctantly up the stairs. On the first page of the volume you will find the explanation: "I desired to write," says the author, "not so much a book of travel as an account of the people whom I met and who accompanied me on my way," and of the world in which they lived, seen, as far as possible, through their eyes. "And since it was better that they should . . . tell their own tale, I have strung their words upon the thread of the road, relating as I heard them the stories with which shepherd and man-at-arms beguiled the hours of the march," and the talk that passed round the camp-fire in the tent of the Arab and the guest-chamber of the Druze. To the sense of intimacy thus imparted is due her success; it is impossible for any one with the least feeling for the spirit of "old unhappy far-off things" to read her book without being transported in imagination to the scene of her wanderings, to travel with her along and across and beyond the

strip of herbage strown,  
That just divides the desert from the sown,

and to feel the enchantment of the country and its people, and above all of its associations—for history and archaeology appeal to the author no less than human nature.

Miss Bell's pen is more skilful in illustration than any camera could be. In a few vivid words she touches in a scene which no photograph could suggest, and her pen is always sure, her picture clear, with never a detail blurred. Take this description of an evening in Namrud's cave:

That evening the cave presented a scene primitive and wild enough to satisfy the most adventurous spirit. The Arabs, some ten or a dozen men clothed in red leather boots and striped cloaks soaked with rain, were sitting in the centre round a fire of scrub, in the ashes of which stood the three coffee-pots essential to desert sociability. Behind them a woman cooked rice over a brighter fire that cast a flickering light into the recesses of the cave, and showed Namrud's cattle munching chopped straw from the rock-hewn mangers. A place comparatively free from mud was cleared for me in the circle, a cup of coffee prepared, and the talk went forward while a man might smoke an Arab pipe five times. It was chiefly of the iniquities of the government. One after another of my fellow guests took up the tale: the guttural strong speech rumbled round the cave. By God and Muhammad the Prophet of God we called down such curses upon the Circassian cavalry as should make those powerful horsemen reel in their saddles. From time to time a draped head, with black elf locks matted round the cheeks under the striped kerchief, bent forward towards the glow of the ashes to pick up a hot ember for the pipe bowl, a hand was stretched out to the coffee cups, or the cooking fire flashed up under a pile of thorn, the sudden light making the flies buzz and the cows move uneasily;

or this, of another, spent as the guest of the Kaimakam of Kala'at el Husn:

When dinner was over we returned to my room, a brazier full of charcoal was brought in, together with hubble-bubbles for the ladies, and we settled ourselves to an evening's talk. The old woman refused to sit on the divan, and disposed herself neatly as close as possible to the brazier, holding out her wrinkled hands over the glowing coals. She was clad in black, and her head was covered by a thick white linen cloth, which was bound closely above her brow and enveloped her



ehin, giving her the air of some aged prioress of a religious order. Outside the turret room the wind howled; the rain beat against the single window, and the talk turned naturally to deeds of horror, and such whispered tales of murder and death as must have startled the shadows in that dim room for many and many a century. A terrible domestic tragedy had fallen upon the Kaimakam ten days before: his son had been shot by a schoolfellow at Tripoli in some childish quarrel. The Kaimakam had been summoned by telegraph; he had ridden down the long mountain road with fear clutching at his heart, only to find the boy dead, and his sorrow had been almost more than he could bear. So said the Sitt Ferideh.

The ancient crone rocked herself over the brazier and muttered:

"Murder is like the drinking of milk here! God! there is none other but Thou."

A fresh gust of wind swept round the tower, and the Christian woman took up the tale.

"This Khanum," said she, nodding her head towards the figure by the brazier, "knows also what it is to weep. Her son was but now murdered in the mountains by a robber who slew him with his knife. They found his body lying stripped by the path."

The mother bent anew over the charcoal, and the glow flushed her worn old face. "Murder is like the spilling of water!" she groaned. "Oh Merciful!"

There is not a word we could wish away, nor a detail that is not essential to the proper understanding of the whole scene. Here, as everywhere throughout the book, the characters live. Miss Bell understands them, and sympathises with them; she recognises that there are good customs and bad customs among the Arabs, but she recognises that, as old Namrud said, "The good are many":

Now when they wish to bring a blood-feud to an end [says Namrud] the two enemies come together in the tent of him who was offended. And the lord of the tent bares his sword and turns to the south and draws a circle on the floor, calling upon God. Then he takes a shred of the cloth of the tent, and a handful of ashes from the hearth and throws them in the circle, and seven times he strikes the line with his naked sword. And the offender leaps into the circle, and one of the relatives of his enemy cries aloud: "I take the murder that he did upon me!" Then there is peace. Oh Lady! the women have much power in the tribe, and the maidens are well looked on. For if a maiden says: "I would have such an one for my husband," he must marry her lest she should be put to shame. And if he has already four wives let him divorce one, and marry in her place the maiden who has chosen him. Such is the custom among the Arabs.

The author has a full knowledge of Syrian Arabic, and it enables her to give us the conversations of the natives in a way that few other travellers have done. One afternoon she was idly watching the Sherarat buying corn from Namrud:

But for my incongruous presence and the lapse of a few thousand years, they might have been the sons of Jacob come down into Egypt to bicker over the weight of the sacks with their brother Joseph. The corn was kept in a deep dry hole cut in the rock, and was drawn out like so much water in golden bucketsful. It had been stored with chaff for its better protection, and the first business was to sift it at the well-head, a labour that could not be executed without much and angry discussion. Not even the camels were silent, but joined in the argument with groans and babbings, as the Arabs loaded them with the full sacks. The Sheikhs of the Sukhur and the Sherarat sat round on stones in the drizzling mist, and sometimes they muttered, "God! God!" and sometimes they exclaimed, "He is merciful and compassionate!"

Occasionally the sifted corn was poured back among the unsifted, and a dialogue of this kind ensued:

Namrud: "Upon thee! upon thee! oh boy! may thy dwelling be destroyed! may thy days come to harm!"

Beni Sakhr: "By the face of the Prophet of God! may He be exalted!"

Sherarat (in suppressed chorus): "God and Muhammad the Prophet of God, upon Him be peace!"

A party in bare legs and a sheepskin: "Cold, cold! Wallah! rain and cold!"

Namrud: "Silence, oh brother! descend into the well and draw corn. It is warm there."

Beni Sakhr: "Praise be to God the Almighty!"

Chorus of Camels: "B-b-b-b-b-dd-G-r-r-o-o-a-a."

Camel Drivers: "Be still, accursed ones! may you slip in the mud! may the wrath of God fall on you!"

Sukhur (in unison): "God! God! by the light of His Face!"

The book is full of similar sketches. Miss Bell has a wide acquaintance with the poetry of the Pre-Islamic

period, and astonished her listeners round the camp-fires by her quotations:

As I sat listening to the talk round me and looking out into the starlit night, my mind went back to the train of thought that had been the groundwork of the whole day, the theme that Gablan had started when he stopped and pointed out the traces of his former encampment, and I said:

"In the ages before the Prophet your fathers spoke as you do and in the same language, but we who do not know your ways have lost the meaning of the words they used. Now tell me what is so-and-so, and so-and-so?"

The men round the fire bent forward, and when a flame jumped up I saw their dark faces as they listened, and answered:

"By God! did they say *that* before the Prophet?"

"Masha'llah! we use that word still. It is the mark on the ground where the tent was pitched."

She recited a couplet of Amr ul Kais which Gablan's utterance had suggested:

"Stay! let us weep the memory of the Beloved and her resting-place in the cleft of the shifting sands 'twixt ed Dujel and Haumal."

Gablan, by the tent-pole, lifted his head and exclaimed: "Mash'llah! that is 'Antara'."

All poetry is ascribed to 'Antara by the unlettered Arab; he knows no other name in literature.

I answered: "No; 'Antara spoke otherwise. He said: 'Have the poets aforesaid left ought to be added by me? or dost thou remember her house when thou lookest on the place?' And Lebid spoke best when he said: 'And what is man but a tent and the folk thereof? one day they depart and the place is left desolate.'"

Gablan made a gesture of assent.

"By God!" said he, "the plain is covered with places wherein I rested."

He had struck the note. I looked out beyond him into the night and saw the desert with his eyes, no longer empty but set thicker with human associations than any city. Every line of it took on significance, every stone was like the ghost of a hearth in which the warmth of Arab life was hardly cold, though the fire might have been extinguished this hundred years. It was a city of shadowy outlines visible one under the other, fleeting and changing, combining into new shapes elements that are as old as Time, the new indistinguishable from the old and the old from the new.

We make no apology for frequent quotation; it is impossible to convey an idea of the charm and the fascination of the book by any other means. We have space only to add that no one who loves literature should fail to read it.

## SELECTIONS

*The German Classics*, 2 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, vol. i. 8s. 6d.; vol. ii. 5s. 6d.)

IN 1866 Professor Max Müller published a revised edition of his "German Classics from the Fourth to the Nineteenth Century," which had first appeared in 1858 and had long been out of print. The present volumes are the second edition of this revised version, which was adapted to Scherer's "History of German Literature" by Professor Scherer himself and by Professor Franz Lichtenstein of Breslau. Both men died before their task was completed, and other scholars had some share in the final translations and corrections. We sincerely recommend the two volumes to the student who wishes to approach a great literature step by step and with method. He will begin with the Lord's Prayer in Gothic and go on to the Wessobrunner Gebet, an alliterative prayer of the eighth or ninth century found in a Bavarian monastery. He will come in time to passages from the Rolandslied, the German version of the celebrated Chanson de Roland. Then there are three scenes from the Nibelungenlied, but if he limit himself to his selections he will never know how Brünnhilde came to be the wife of Gunther or hear the two queens wrangling in front of the Minster at Worms, or understand why Hagen compassed Siegfried's death. He will get his ideas from the Wagnerian ring, and Wagner shaped both events and characters to his own needs. But Wagner did not invent the bear with which Siegfried frightened Mime. The student will find the bear in the first selection from the epic and will see Siegfried

bind the beast to his saddle, carry him home and let him loose in the kitchen :

Der Bär in die Küche  
Hei ! was er Küchenknechte  
Gerückt ward mancher Kessel,  
Hei ! was man guter Speisen

von dem Lärm gerieth ;  
von dem Feuer schied !  
zerzerret mancher Brand ;  
in der Asche liegen fand.

The place was so full of dogs, says the poet, that every man feared to shoot in case he hit a dog instead of the bear. In the end Siegfried despatches the beast with his sword, sits down to a great meal, gets up again because he is thirsty, and is murdered by Hagen as he stoops to drink at a well. We believe that the student who reads this selection carefully will be so fascinated that he will buy the Nibelungenlied and find out for himself what led to Siegfried's death and what Queen Kriemhild did to avenge it. Our selection would have given that last grim combat in the halls of Attila, "a tumult," says Carlyle, "like the Crack of Doom: a thousand-voiced, wild-stunning hubbub," when blood flows like water and fire is quenched with blood and thirst slaked with blood. It lives in the memory beside the fight in the Hall of Ulysses.

After the Volksepos come selections from the romantic epics of the twelfth century that were popular in many tongues all over Europe: the histories of Aeneas and Dido, of Tristram and Iseult and other hapless lovers. Then we have the Minnesingers and Walther von der Vogelweide's fascinating famous poem, "Deutschland über Alles":

Von der Elbe bis zum Rhein  
Und zurück bis her an Ungerland,  
Da mögen wohl die Besten sein,  
Die ich irgend auf der Erden fand,  
Weiss ich recht zu schauen  
Schönheit, Huld und Zier,  
Hilf mir Gott, so schwör ich, dass sie besser hier  
Sind als andrer Länder Frauen.

There are extracts from all the well-known German prose-writers as well as from the poets, an adventure of Tyll Owlglass, for instance, portions of sermons by Martin Luther, a scene from *Titus Andronicus* as played by "Die Englischen Comödianten," a troop of English actors who roamed through Germany in 1585 giving Shakespeare and other English dramatists translated into German prose. In fact, from the Lord's Prayer in Gothic to scenes from "Die Ahnfrau" by Grillparzer, who died in 1872, the student plodding through these two volumes will acquaint himself with snatches from every German writer of note between the fourth and the nineteenth centuries.

Yet we are not attracted by these selections, carefully chosen and presented though they are: they remind us of the dainty packages that come by post sometimes, bringing us samples of cocoa or biscuits. In one of Anstey's Dialogues a Hyde Park Demagogue observes that he is speaking with "all 'istry vivid to his recollection," and we think that when he has worked his way through these two volumes and arrived at Grillparzer the methodical student will feel that he has all the German classics vivid to his recollection. That, of course, will be a satisfactory state of mind. But selections of this kind can only appeal to those who consider some knowledge of literature a duty, and acquire it without rapture, without hunger for more. We would say to any one who knew little German and yet had faith that German poetry, like German music, can make magic for him: put your selections on the shelf for the present. Wait a little for the Lord's Prayer in Gothic and even for passages from the mediæval epics and from the Minnesingers. Buy Heine's "Buch der Lieder," because, although no one can translate or imitate Heine, his German and his music are both easy to understand. Spend as much time on the first part of "Faust" as the dutiful student would spend on his "History of Literature" and his two volumes of selections. He will know when he hears *Tannhäuser* that the knight of that name belonged to the Salzburg family of

Tanhusen, led an adventurous life from 1240 to 1270 and sojourned at the Bavarian and Austrian courts. You will have forgotten everything about him except his poem to the lady he has served faithfully, who will reward him if he turn the Rhine from its course, and bring her the sand from the sea, the stars from the sky and the salamander from the fire, and you will remember the poem because it has a haunting refrain:

Mir ist zu Muth,  
Was sie mir thut,  
Das soll mich Alles dünken gut,  
Sie nahm an mir die Ehr in Hut, die reine ;  
Ausser Gott alleine,  
So weiss die Holde Niemand, die ich meine.

When you come to the moderns you will be at a greater disadvantage still, from the student's point of view. He will have tasted Voss, Klopstock, Herder, Winckelmann, names to you. We purposely exclude Lessing because his complete works will be on your shelves and you will know all his plays and his Laokoon and the delightful criticisms in the *Hamburger Dramaturgie*. As for Goethe, the student will have read no less than thirty-eight specimens of the poet's style, including a difficult passage from *Dichtung und Wahrheit* about contemporary German poetry. If you have read *Dichtung und Wahrheit* you will probably have forgotten this passage, and remember poor Friederike of Sesenheim and the beautiful daughters of the Strasburg dancing-master. It is to be hoped that you will have read Wilhelm Meister too, have made friends with Philine and know who played the Ghost in *Hamlet*. Many of Goethe's shorter poems you will know by heart. Nevertheless if you linger too long with Goethe the student will again outstrip you. He will have detached scenes from *Die Räuber* and Don Karlos vivid to his recollection, as well as an involved passage from a prose work called "Ueber Naive und Sentimentalische Dichtung." And so supple has a long course of selections made him that he will have jumped straight from the well-known story of Rübezahl and the turnips to extracts from Kant, Fichte, Schopenhauer and the two Humboldts. By the time he reaches the poets and novelists of the Romantic School his mind, according to its texture, will be in a state of complacency or of extreme impatience and confusion.

But we should like to wager that some years hence the complacent student will have thrown away his selections and forgotten the German he once knew: while you, hearing this with wonder, will take down your two neglected volumes and discover treasures there that your long attachment to a few great names will help you to understand. For we hold that it is better to serve few gods faithfully than to be content with a moment at every shrine.

### THE CLASH OF ARMS

*A Staff Officer's Scrap-Book during the Russo-Japanese War.*  
By Lieut.-General Sir IAN HAMILTON. (Arnold, 18s. net.)

A MODERN cynic has said that a "soldier officer is nowadays expected to be everything but a soldier." In that saying there may be a substratum of truth, but no one can read "A Staff Officer's Scrap-Book" without realising that if the author is a man of many parts, he is above all a soldier. Having himself played no unworthy part in scenes of battle, assaults and alarms, and being versed in the practice and theory of military strategy and tactics, he was well qualified to observe the unfolding of the stupendous drama of the war between Russia and Japan. As in the first volume of his work, powers of keen observation and the facile pen of a cultured citizen of the world are noticeable on every page, and perhaps the greatest charm of the writer lies in the fact that while the professional reader cannot fail to profit by his expert criticisms, the layman finds himself led on from episode



to episode with ever-increasing interest. The horrors of war come home to our inmost being, when we read descriptions of the bloody struggle on the slopes of Manjuyama:

The mountains and the river banks and the houses re-echo to the continuous, angry, growling sound of the musketry. The most bitter fight is illuminating the slopes of the hillock, and I could see its shape outlined by innumerable little dazzling specks, showing the thousands of rounds which were being fired. Hundreds of human lives are passing away yonder where the hill-side flashes flame. I feel very much afraid and wish I had some one to hold me by the hand.

And then, when the strife was over:

I saw nothing from Manjuyama, but I saw too much upon it. When I stepped forward and viewed the western declivity my heart stood still with horror. Never have I seen such a scene. Such a mad jumble of arms and accoutrements mingled with the bodies of those who so lately bore them, arrested, cut short in the fury of their assault, and now for all their terrible menacing attitudes so very, very quiet. How silent! how ghastly! how lonely seemed the charnel house where I, a solitary European, beheld rank upon rank of brave Russians mown down by the embattled hosts of Asia.

But the shadow of the evil side of war is illumined by the splendour of deeds of heroism, and from the chaos of the desperate conflict the highest attributes of man are evolved. Cold must be the blood in the veins of the man who can read unmoved the story of the gallant Ota and his men in the hand to hand fighting which occurred in the Taling Pass. Outnumbered and driven back, Colonel Ota—

holding high the regimental colour—boldly led his two companies up the face of the hill in counter attack against the positions he had lost. Immediately he was hit by four bullets, and had just strength sufficient in him to commend the Standard to the guardianship of his major, who fell almost at once, desperately wounded, but handing on the sacred emblem to the adjutant who in his turn dropped in the tracks of a Russian bullet. Last of all the Imperial ensign passed down to the hand of a private soldier who led the last stage of the assault and planted the insignia of his Regiment firmly on the corpse strewn summit.

As he did so, full in the face of the Russians, thirty or forty paces distant, they broke and fled. "Can war," asks Sir Ian Hamilton, "be altogether bad when it inspires ordinary men to actions so sublime?"

As we read the vividly written pages of the book, we are forced to recognise and appreciate the lofty devotion to duty, and the contempt for danger, displayed by all ranks of the Japanese troops. The complete absence of fear is perhaps the more astounding in that it was not the reckless, foolhardy bravery of ignorance. On the contrary, no troops have ever more fully recognised the danger of battle, no men have ever known with greater certainty that death awaited them, and knowing, no men have ever faced it with the calm, unhesitating alacrity shown by the Japanese army. Well does Sir Ian Hamilton realise the pitch to which the men of this warrior nation were attuned, when he gives us his deliberate conviction that:

the more I think, the more certain am I that it was not strategy or tactics, or armament or information, which won the battle of Liaoyang for Oyama, but that it was rather the souls of the Japanese troops, which trampled over the less developed, less awakened, less stimulated and spiritual, qualities of the Russians.

Times there were, we learn, when the fate of the issue between the impending armies hung trembling in the balance, when Kuroki had hurled his last reserves into the conflict, and when ammunition had run short; but these were the very occasions upon which the splendid qualities of our allies shone forth; no jealousy, no selfishness, no thought of self seems to have arrested for a moment the carrying through of the general plan. The unwelcome reflection is forced upon us that in these respects we have much to learn from the friendly nation in the East. Bitter as it may be to recognise the truth, we can but acknowledge that in more than one instance in the course of our own war in South Africa the loyal and unhesitating sacrifice of individual interests to the general good was conspicuous by its absence. Probably some

such thought was uppermost in our author's mind when he wrote:

If I ever get safe back to England and people ask me "what are the lessons of the Manchurian War?" I ought, if I have the pluck of a mouse, to reply "To change our characters, my dear friend, in that you and I may become less jealous and egoistical, and more loyal and disinterested towards our own brother officers. This is the greatest lesson of the war."

Fiction pales before the light of truth, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that, full though it be of brilliant and expert professional knowledge and criticism, no work of more enthralling interest could well be placed before a reader. Nor could any stronger inducement to read the book we have been considering be found, we think, than that contained in its closing lines. The author's work is over; he has left—perhaps for ever—scenes which can never be effaced from his memory, and he says:

But ere the old life quite resumes its sway, let me try, in one rapid retrospect, to realise the days and nights that are no more: My peony garden in Fenhuanhang bathed in the soft moonlight; the Heaven-reaching Pass, reverberating through all its hollows and ridges to the continued roll of musketry; the wall of mist and the writings that appeared thereon; the Swallow's Nest fort and bloody Rice Cake Hill: the heroic bayonet fight on Okasaki Yama's brow; the rapid march; the manoeuvre, the fierce attack; the stubborn defence; the red battle and the crowd of pale corpses. Again, I seem to see the advance of the invincible first Army; the dense ranks rolling, ever onwards, towards the shrieking shell and angry hiss of the rifle bullets. No drums or bugles cheer the march of the phantom army of my thoughts, but ever the rumble and roar of the cannon fills each soldier's heart with exultation as the columns draw nearer and yet nearer to the valley of the shadow of death.

## THE LIBRARY TABLE

*The Works of William Shakespeare.* Edited by Sir HENRY IRVING and FRANK A. MARSHALL. Vols. ix. and x. (Gresham Publishing Co., 4s. 6d. net each.)

WE have commented before on the value to students of Shakespeare of this sensible and practical edition, and the two volumes now before us are well up to the standard of the others. Each contains an introduction—which includes information not easily accessible anywhere else on the stage-history of each play—the text printed in full but marked for reading or production by Sir Henry Irving, and copious notes by Shakespearean scholars of repute. There are, of course, more learned editions of Shakespeare; but we know of no other so suitable as this for the practical student, as we may term him—the actor, the reader, or the intelligent spectator who likes to compare Sir Henry Irving's ideas with Betterton's or with those of more recent and less reverent producers. It is interesting to learn, for example, that only our modern squeamishness omits the essential character of Bianca from *Othello*, which occurs in vol. ix. The criticism is just and broad; the notes all tend to the elucidation of the human interest of the plays. The comments on such topics as the character of Iago and the complexion of *Othello* are at once brief and sensible; and it is the preponderance given to such matters over details of textual criticism that constitutes the practical and human value on which we have dwelt. The illustrations will be a feature attractive to some, and the volumes are surprisingly cheap.

*The East and West Indian Mirror.* Being an Account of Joris van Speilbergen's Voyage Round the World (1614–1617), and the Australian Navigations of Jacob le Maire. Translated by J. A. J. DE VILLIERS. (The Hakluyt Society.)

THE two journals which form this volume were first published together in a Dutch edition of 1619, from which version this translation is made. The edition was published at Leyden, and the reason for appending the Australian navigations of Jacob le Maire to the Speilbergen journal was, no doubt, because le Maire, when

his ship was taken from him at Jacatra, after his voyage across the Pacific, by order of the President of the Dutch East India Company, took passage with Admiral Speilbergen for home, but died on the way. The Admiral was the second Dutchman to circumnavigate the globe, and in the introduction to his journal an interesting letter is quoted giving an account of a previous expedition to the East Indies made by the same enterprising adventurer, on his return from which he fell in with Jacob van Heemskerck, "the man who had courageously wintered with Barendsz on the forbidding shores of Novaya Zemlya, and was subsequently to lay down his life for his country in the bay of Gibraltar." Speilbergen is shown by his journal to have been a man possessed of the most requisite talents of a great commander, a prudent navigator, careful for the welfare of his men, and steadily pursuing his duty before all else. "Seldom has there been found in the same man," says Captain Burney, "such a union of valour and circumspection." He does not appear to have been directly responsible for the ungracious and tyrannical treatment of le Maire, who, owing to the jealous action of the Dutch East India Company, died of a broken heart after gaining fame by steering his vessel through waters hitherto unknown to the civilised world. The translation is admirably done, and the copperplates mentioned in the title-page of the Leyden edition are most carefully reproduced with an additional portrait of Jacob le Maire. A useful bibliography and a full index add to the value of the work.

*The Tower of London.* By Canon WILLIAM BENHAM. (Seeley 7s. net.)

To appreciate the Tower of London to the full one should have a very intimate knowledge of English history: not so much the knowledge of the guide-book as a sympathetic knowledge of the men and women of the past. Canon Benham, masterly antiquary though he is, does not show himself much more than a skilful guide. He maintains at the outset that the only rival, now standing as a fortress, to the Tower is the tower at the western gate of Jerusalem, a statement which is open to dispute. The Kremlin at Moscow is a fortress in a double sense: it is, says Viazemski, "our Sanctuary and our Fortress." The question, however, is not material, for in Great Britain at any rate the Tower has no rival. Its history in full would occupy many volumes, but Canon Benham shows discrimination in his compression and omission. Colonel Hutchinson is not, so far as we can see, mentioned as one of the famous prisoners, a notable omission; and in places brevity has made the author assume an ill-judged view of history. He states, for example, that "the great but unrighteous claim of Edward III. to the crown of France" resulted in the hundred years war; whereas there were many secondary causes of quarrel between England and France, and, after all, the strong support which Philip of Valois gave to the Scots made war inevitable. The great feature of the book is its wealth of illustrations, which include four reproductions in colour from illuminated manuscripts. The frontispiece, the oldest known picture of the Tower, is from a manuscript of the poems of Charles, Duke of Orleans. In the background is London Bridge with the City behind it, in front the Traitor's Gate. The Prince, faithful to his troubadour instincts, is seated in the now demolished banquetting-hall, writing verses. He is seen again looking, like sister Anne, from the window, and again embracing the messenger who brings his ransom. Next we see him riding away a free man, and finally being rowed off in a boat (in which bow has apparently caught a crab) to his ship *en route* for France. The other pictures in colour are an assault on a fortress, from a manuscript of Boccaccio de Casibus Virorum et Fœminarum Illustrium; artillery of the fifteenth century from a manuscript of the Chronicles of England; and a tournament, from a manuscript of the Romance of the Sire Jehan de Saintré.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

### THE DEVELOPMENT OF MR. HENRY JAMES

MR. HENRY JAMES is the last great writer of the New England school. His works are a reservoir in which the waters of two streams of thought, flowing from the same source in different directions, have been united and stored just when the spring that fed them was drying up. He has blended and consummated the traditions of Lowell and Longfellow and the traditions of Poe and Hawthorne, and in him there comes to an end one of the most extraordinary movements in the history of literature. It is now about three quarters of a century since a little band of New England men of letters began to astonish and delight the European world by a series of works conceived in a spirit quite unlike that which the American writer had been expected to display. They had nothing in common with Benjamin Franklin. Theirs was a movement of extreme reaction against the practical and democratic genius of their race. This genius, as De Tocqueville had remarked, made for an immense vapidness, bleakness, and monotony of life, in which fine intelligences would have no refuge from the tyranny in taste, opinions and manners exercised by the mob. Happily there then survived in the land of freedom a scantling of the English passion for independence, and this endured the best minds with a force of resilience which De Tocqueville had not divined. Some of the writers of the New England school took the line of least resistance in the direction of cosmopolitanism. The stronger souls derived their inspiration from the people, but derived it in the most perverse way. By erecting everything mean and common around them into "a precious principle of reaction"—to use a happy phrase of Mr. James—they elaborated an incomparable literature of exasperation. There was a sincerity in their wilfulness that no European school of decadents has been able to attain. Oppressed by the triviality, the commonness and the coarseness of the American spirit, they cultivated to perfection the qualities of subtlety, strangeness and exquisite morbidity. Their art was, indeed, an efflorescence upon the bloom of decay. The hard and colourless puritanism of America acquired in its dissolution a soft and delicate iridescence, and out of this the writers of the New England school formed a novel sort of romantic art of an eerie and yet charming beauty. But extraordinary as their work was in quality, in matter and construction it was slight and disconnected. It would have shone in a happy and peculiar light in a land of ancient culture, as an ornament upon the solid mass of older literature. In America, it only dazzled and misled the men of the next generation. Its defect was that it was the consummation of a movement of extreme reaction, and, as such, admitted of no development. It served only to tempt the minds of younger authors into a province of American thought in which no further achievement of high importance could be accomplished. It was useless trying to glean in a scanty field already reaped by novelists of so fine and frugal a genius as Hawthorne and Poe.

Mr. Henry James saw this. In matter of art as well as in matter of religion New England puritanism was exhausted. On the other hand, the cosmopolitanism of mind of Longfellow and Lowell did not seem to make for great creative power. But might not something original still be achieved by combining the traditions of Poe and Hawthorne with those of Lowell and Longfellow? This was the constructive idea of the earlier novels of Mr. James. For the novelist of the psychological school there was less matter of interest in American life after the Civil War than there had been before. The country was become "a huge Rappacini garden rank with each variety of the poison-plant of the money-passion." To a writer with Zola's power of depicting the wild, blind movements of an immense mob animated by a common instinct of greed, the spectacle would have been a source of ironic inspiration. To Mr. James it was a source of supreme



disgust. In his case the feeling of exasperation flowered into an almost morbid delicacy of taste. As the texture of American society grew coarser and more common, so his sense of the refinements of life became by mere privation subtler and more exquisite. This made him the most fanatic of cosmopolitans, and, at the same time, the most acute and fastidious of students of the rich and complex civilisations of the older world. It was not however until he settled in England that the idiosyncrasy of his genius was fully developed. As he himself said of his earlier work, "*c'est proprement écrit*, but it's terribly pale." In his first attempt to escape from the contagion of the American spirit he defeated himself by going too far in the direction of vague cosmopolitanism. He opened only his senses to the charming impressions of things in Italy and France; he did not elaborate these impressions in his mind into a general criticism of life. The complexion of continental society was so completely different from the complexion of American society, and his delighted fancy played so entirely on the surface of objects that his fund of unconscious prejudices was never rudely disturbed. He remained an educated Puritan of the Bostonian type, concealing a real timidity of soul beneath an apparent amiability of taste, and finding a characteristic form of expression for his faint-hearted patriotism and sentimental romanticism in a series of idyllic pictures of the conflict between the complexity and corruption of the old world and the simplicity and wholesomeness of the new. Such was the character of his literary achievement at the age of forty-five. There can be no doubt that he would have accomplished much better work than this, if he had stayed in a state of irritation in New York and Boston until his sense of the wholesomeness of modern American puritanism had grown as quick and keen as his sense of the simplicity of modern American democracy. However, he did the next best thing, and settled in England, where neither puritanism nor democracy of the modern American sort is altogether unknown. Here, amid the general ferment of wild thought and extravagant sentiment of the early 'nineties, he was transformed from a novelist of agreeable talent into a novelist of high genius. At a leap he sprang from a place inferior to that of Trollope, to a position equal to that of Stendhal. From the simplest of writers he changed into the most subtle. He acquired at last Hawthorne's and Poe's strange insight into the dark and winding recesses of the human heart and their exquisite sense of the atmosphere and spirit of a place, and with an astonishing originality of method he applied these gifts in the delicate and realistic analysis of the finer issues of modern life. But his success occurred so late in life that he was saddened by it, and he said in a famous aside in one of his stories:

What he saw so intensely to-day, what he felt as a nail driven in, was that only now, at the very last, had he come into possession. His development had been abnormally slow, almost grotesquely gradual. He had been hindered and retarded by experience, and for long periods had only groped his way. It had taken too much of his life to produce too little of his art. The art had come, but it had come after everything else.

But now that he has deployed and tempered his strange, novel faculties in the luxuriant field of English life, he has acquired a new zest and with it a new spirit of adventuresomeness. He is become a true cosmopolitan. Having supplemented his remarkable intensity of vision with as remarkable a breadth of view, he has turned again to the less fertile and yet larger field of American life, in order to see if he can at last find there the material for the novel of manners which Hawthorne meditated but failed to undertake.

The result of Mr. James's preliminary survey is given in an exquisite panorama in silver-point, entitled "*The American Scene*" (Chapman and Hall, 12s. 6d. net). The book, in my opinion, deserves to rank with that of De Tocqueville. It is, of course, far subtler in composition. In it there are no broad effects: the lights and shadows are scarcely distinguishable at a distance; but, for all

that, they are drawn with a touch as firm as it is delicate. In matter of art it is a work written for the delectation of the leisurely amateur of the extreme refinements of literature. The more impatient student of social history will probably regret that it was not composed in a popular form. For, in substance, it is an inquiry of high and general interest into the essential character of one of the great nations of the world in a grandly critical period of its development. If nothing had been lost in the force and insidiousness of the attack it would certainly have been better, in some respects, if the book had been put together in French fashion so that those who run could read. But much, I fear, would so have been lost. Mr. James would not be Mr. James if he did not deepen and intricate every question that he endeavoured to solve. He is but little interested in plain, material facts; it is in the subtlety with which he investigates the finer moral implications of these facts that the peculiar power of his genius resides. In appearance his work is a contexture of impressions of the superficial aspects of American life, of the architecture of the streets, the arrangement of rooms in private houses, the general atmosphere of a great hotel or of a fashionable sea-side resort. In reality it is a profound essay in the psychology of the governing class in America. "Now that you have got riches and the power that riches give," says Mr. James to the plutocracy of his native land, "what do you intend to make with them?" "More riches and more power," is the answer. "And after that?" "Nothing!" The foredoomed grope of blind wealth for the graces and amenities of civilised life, that, as Mr. James sees it, is the main plot in the tragic comedy which is being played on the immense stage of America. It is, however, the subsidiary plot in connection with the triumph of the American woman which has most deeply impressed the imagination of the curious novelist of manners as a grand subject for the exercise of his art. The American man has accepted his doom and become:

by his default, subject and plastic to his mate; his default having made, all around him, the unexampled opportunity of the woman—which she would have been an incredible fool not to pounce upon. It needs little contact with American life to perceive how she has pounced, and how, outside business, she has made it over in her image. . . . Her companion's attitude, totally destitute of high signs, does everything it can to further this feat: so that, as disposed together in the American picture, they testify, extraordinarily, to the successful rupture of a universal law. . . . The phenomenon may easily become, for a spectator, the sentence written largest in the American sky: when he is in search of the characteristic, what else so plays the part? The woman is two-thirds of the apparent life—which means that she is absolutely all of the social; and as this is nowhere else the case, the occasion is unique for seeing what such a situation may make of her. . . .

The author of "*The Bostonians*" was never an enthusiast in the matter of woman's rights, and the sorry spectacle of the feminisation of American society provokes his gift of satire; and he says of the American woman:

Her manner of embodying and representing her sex has fairly made of her a new human convenience, not unlike fifty of the others, of a slightly different order, the ingenious mechanical contrivances, stoves, refrigerators, sewing-machines, type-writers, cash-registers, that have done so much, in the household and the place of business, for the American name. . . . It would take long to say why her situation, under this retrospect, may affect the inner fibre of the critic himself as one of the most touching on record: he may merely note his perception that she was to have been, after all, but the sport of fate. For why, need she originally, he wonders, have embraced so confidently, so gleefully, yet so unguardedly, the terms offered to her to an end practically so perfidious? . . . It is impossible, of course, to tell: and her case, as it stands for us, at any rate, is that she showed no doubts. It is not on the American scene and in the presence of mere American phenomena that she is even yet to be observed as showing them.

Well, Henry James, you writer of tales,  
Here's a subject made to your hand.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

## FICTION

*Temptation.* By RICHARD BAGOT. (Methuen, 6s.)

MR. BAGOT knows his Italy as well as Mr. Marion Crawford, and, at any rate in the novel before us, makes a more full-blooded story out of it. But he has not Mr. Crawford's unfailing charm of description, nor his light and skilful hand at moulding character, nor all the wisdom which has grown out of Mr. Crawford's exhaustive and intimate study of Italian politics and social life. Mr. Bagot observes keenly, but a little hastily; he is rather sharp than wise in his judgments, and his people are drawn without the subtle shades which would make them interesting in themselves. We are not interested in Count Ugo Vitali, the provincial noble (the gentleman-farmer, as we should call him in England), a man of simple taste and bucolic habits; nor in his underbred, passionate wife, for all Mr. Bagot's skilful attempt to lend her glamour by throwing her, in a degree, under the spiritual influence of her husband's mediæval ancestress, a certain infamous Donna Giulia Vitali, whose ghost still haunts the palace. Fabrizio Vitali, Ugo's cousin, for love of whom Ugo's wife murders her husband, is the most interesting study of all; but that mainly because he is typical of a class of young Italian (whose like is not unknown in England)—the self-educated man-about-town, who on the strength of a little knowledge of Schopenhauer, Spencer and Nietzsche, has presumed to throw religion overboard and declare himself "emancipated." We have said, however, that Mr. Bagot has made a full-blooded story. Though his descriptions of the thoughts and motives of his commonplace characters are so out of proportion to their depth or subtlety as to be tedious, the tragedy itself holds the reader's attention fast, and the end is thrilling. What is more, it is convincing. We believe and feel every step in the strange and horrible tale. It is a pity that Mr. Bagot should not have written in one language (English, by preference) instead of three.

*Exton Manor.* By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. (Alston Rivers, 6s.)

THE present reviewer has read one only of Mr. Marshall's previous novels—"Richard Baldock"—and in spite of a very clever piece of characterisation, it irritated him often by its stiltedness. Its successor belongs in a different class: next to "Framley Parsonage" and "Barchester Towers" and the rest of Trollope's works (in point of merit, before some of them) on the shelf that begins with Thackeray. Take away Mr. Marshall's affectations—there are few of them here—and introduce a few of Trollope's favourite expressions, and you may convince even yourself that you are reading Anthony's posthumous work. For Mr. Marshall's periods are no longer stilted: he is tiresome at times—as Trollope was tiresome—but he is tiresome only because, metaphorically, it is necessary for him, in painting a lady's portrait, to spend time and care over the knots in the lady's bootlaces. As a result, he has produced a finished picture, whose charm will outlast the painter's life. The book is a long one—it runs to some four hundred closely-packed pages—yet we think that we are justified in saying that there are four only that lack charm: four only, that is to say, in which Mr. Marshall is seen touching in the bootlaces. It moves with all the slowness of the old three-volume novel; and it moves with that slowness just because the author is not an analyst: because he sets out, not to explain the motives which induced Mr. Brown or Mr. Smith to light a pipe with a wax vesta, but to show you life itself. And life itself he shows you: a finished picture, as we have said, of a side of life the importance of which is apt, in this age of fitful fever, to be under-estimated: a picture lovingly and sympathetically executed. It will not set the critics scratching; but it will remain on our shelves, and later on, if no friend happen to perform the duty for

us, we shall disperse the dust and turn its leaves again in the room that is never visited by Merely Mary Ann.

*What Might Have Been.* (Murray, 6s.)

"CALL no novel good till it is finished" might be adopted as the motto of the patient reviewer. Of twenty writers who begin a story well, not ten go on well, and not five both go on and end well. The book before us opens brilliantly: the conception of "collateral history" is original and full of possibilities, and the early chapters are charged with pungent humour. The description of the social amenities of flying is only equalled by that of the various members of the Socialist Cabinet, and had the anonymous author compressed the last three hundred pages of his book into a hundred or even fifty the result would have been a notable piece of work. As it is, the development of the Unity League and the progress of the Great Coal War, by means of which the League rescues the country from its socialist oppressors, is told at wearisome length and recalls the many political forecasts in the form of fiction through which we have waded during the last few years. All tedium is, however, forgotten in the exciting events of the closing chapters, and the book certainly fulfils its author's rather too evident intention of providing food for thought as to What May Be. We can only add that as we recall the good things in the early pages we also—in more senses than one—ponder over What Might Have Been.

*The Golden Hawk.* By EDITH RICKERT. (Arnold, 6s.)

MISS RICKERT has wandered among the hills and valleys of Provence until the hot sun and the wild mountain breezes have set her head awirling, and out of this "sweet bewilderment" she has evolved Trillon, the Golden Hawk of Avignon. We have little fault to find with her creation; he goes pranking through her pages to the tune of some old Provençal love-song, fiddle in hand and tricked out as gaily as any mediæval troubadour. He is as entertaining as his German prototype, Till Eulenspiegel, and he carries out his merry pranks with the same irresponsible gaiety. He belongs to that debonair order of beings who seldom or never reap the wild oats they have sown, leaving that to some more prosaic wife or sweetheart. The patient reaper in this case is Madaleno Borel, wild enough herself in her way until that wildness is alternately coaxed and crushed out of her by her erratic lord and master. The story centres in these two, the rest of the characters being merely so many helps or hindrances in their mad career. Miss Rickert is to be congratulated on the fact that her Hawk is always lovable, whether he be dancing with an old wife on the bridge of Avignon or rescuing his Madaleno at the eleventh hour through a convent window. She dedicates her book to Mistral, and her descriptions of the valley in which she has placed her story show a real love and appreciation of the poet's country. The only fault we have to find in her work is that it needs pruning.

*The House of Rest.* By MRS. FRED REYNOLDS. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

"WOULD we could wander on, in sweet companionship, we two, for evermore." The words and the sentiment of our quotation serve very well to denote the contents of Mrs. Reynolds's latest book. And the reader wanders on through page upon page of admirable "story-book" stuff to the expected end. Mrs. Reynolds, from whose opening chapters we drew rash deductions, is a "story-book" writer. The characters are not those of the men and women we meet and make friends of; the little love tangles, the heroic device, old as the hills but not half so interesting, the "story-book" English burdened by strange compound adjectives (we counted ten in one short paragraph), all are in keeping. It is a pity Mrs. Reynolds could not realise the possibilities of her charming idea and, realising, have given us a fresh and a delightful "house of rest."



*Little Esson.* By S. R. CROCKETT. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

MR. CROCKETT's new story opens with a dramatic situation that gives promise of stirring times ahead. Mina Hilliard, maddened by her father's brutality, rushes into the presence of her five artist suitors and offers herself to the first man who holds up his hand. "You have,—beast and bird and creeping thing each of you after your kind. You have asked me to share your lots— Well, you can have me now! Not all of you, but one! The one who speaks first." It is not a gracious way of offering a man his heart's desire, and the most ardent lover might be pardoned a momentary hesitation. As fate will have it, it is not the man Mina loves, and hopes to wed, but Terry Fairweather who replies politely, "I shall do myself the pleasure of asking you to be my wife." Terry, however, loves his strangely won bride, and dies as speedily as decency permits leaving Mina apparently poor, though in reality a wealthy woman—a test designed by Terry for Hunter Mayne, Esson, and other unready lovers. We confess to a lukewarm interest in little Esson and his wooing of Mina; they are commonplace young people drifting to an inevitable end. The charm of the straggling story lies in the little by-plots, and in the pictures of life in Creelport; these the author can paint without effort and with the certainty of pleasing. Among the crowd of characters we greet some old acquaintances; the impecunious artists, the rough and faithful Scots servant, the gentle, absent-minded minister, and his bustling managing sister. In Mina's implacable enemy, the "Green Girl," the author gives us a clever study of wickedness and malice bordering on madness.

## FINE ART

### ALEXANDER BORISSOFF

ABOUT twenty years ago the Grand Duke Vladimir, when visiting the Solovetsk monastery on the shores of the White Sea, was favourably impressed by the painting of a young peasant employed by the brothers to decorate their shrines and colour their holy images. Under the patronage of the Grand Duke, the artist came to St. Petersburg and studied for ten years, first at a school of painting and afterwards at the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts. But the heart of Alexander Borissoff was in the far north, and so soon as he became a full student of the Academy (in 1895), he withdrew from St. Petersburg and made his first expedition to Nova Zembla. Thence he returned with a number of sketches, many of which were purchased by a Moscow collector, and three years later he made preparations for a longer visit to the arctic circle. With Imperial aid he built a small yacht at Archangel, and sailed with two scientific companions to Nova Zembla, where he built a house and remained a year and a half, making expeditions farther north and returning with difficulty after terrible privations and hazardous adventures. To these adventures there will be an opportunity to recur, since we are promised an English translation of the artist's memoirs, published by the Imperial Geographical Society of St. Petersburg, and for the present we are more immediately concerned with Borissoff the painter than with Borissoff the explorer. Nevertheless, before considering the artistic fruits of this expedition—a large collection of paintings and sketches which, having been shown in Paris, Vienna, Berlin and other Continental cities, are now on exhibition at the Grafton Galleries—it is necessary to take some account of the conditions in which these paintings were made. The extreme cold rendered it impossible for the artist to employ during the winter any media except charcoal and pastel. Even in spring his oil colours congealed, and turpentine, the only possible medium, became frozen. "I had to put on fur gloves to hold the brush," says Mr. Borissoff, "and to work with rapid, energetic strokes. There were moments

when my hands were frozen, and refused service, my brush splitting with the cold. Yet I continued, having the ardent desire to fix on the canvas all those fantastic phenomena of the Far North so full of fascinating charm."

The beauty of these phenomena which few have seen, the leaden stretches of frozen marshes, the black waters of the arctic sea, the prismatic hues of iridescent icebergs, the dazzling sunshine and transparent shadows of a land clarified by its rarefied atmosphere, are feelingly recorded by Mr. Borissoff in a series of sketches whose fidelity to nature is as self-evident as their beauty; and their truthfulness gives them a high topographical value to a wider public than the devotees of art. To these last Mr. Borissoff's exhibition, apart from its geographical importance, will have a special interest as a manifestation of the advantages of *plein-air* painting even when practised in extremely adverse circumstances. They will find in these sketches made on the spot charms which the larger pictures, subsequently painted at St. Petersburg, do not possess, charms arising not only from the greater spontaneity and freedom of the sketches, but from the frequent presence in them of a more subtle appreciation of values and of a finer quality of pigment. The very difficulty of mixing paints in this climate helped to preserve the purity of colour in the sketches, and may thus be held at least partially to account for their greater brilliancy and lustre. Obviously an emotional rather than an intellectual painter, Mr. Borissoff works best when he is forced to go by his instinct, when he has no time to remember the rules of the schools, but, relying solely on his eye and the power of his hand, dashes on to the canvas the leading motives and principal harmonies of a beautiful aspect. When in his studio, he endeavours to paint a more highly finished picture from one of these sketches his gift of viewing the arctic world steadily and as a whole seems to fail him; from being happily suggestive and poetic he tends to become statistical and prosaic, and such studio pictures as *A Cemetery* (103), lent by the Czar, and *The Dwelling-place of the Samoyede* (233), lent by Count de Witte, seem almost commonplace beside sketches like *The Coast* (215), with its just notation of vivid sunlight and transparent shadows, or *Ice-blocks floating in the Straits of Matochkin-Shar* (33), with its vibrating loveliness of refracted light and reflected colours. In these brighter, higher-keyed aspects of nature, Mr. Borissoff interprets the sharpness of hue produced by brilliant sunlight shining through dry, pure air without allowing his actual colour to become harsh or acrid, while in more sombre sketches like *Hunting Seals* (24), in which the deep purple-grey waters of the arctic ocean occur, he contrives to use tints warm in themselves to convey to the spectator the idea of great cold. It is this mastery of his medium to express what is intended in the simplest and most direct way which constitutes the great artistic interest of Mr. Borissoff's exhibition, and this mastery is found more often in the scores of unpretentious sketches on the walls than in the larger pictures which, whether seen by daylight or by an ingenious system of artificial illumination, are more calculated to appeal to the mere sight-seeing public.

## MUSIC

### PIANO RECITALS

IT may be that the number of pianists who are now to be heard in London concert-rooms is not really greater than usual, but in the dearth of other musical events they have seemed in the last week or two remarkable. Mr. Leonard Borwick has broken silence with a series of recitals, the programmes of which are made up of the great things of piano literature, such as he has always kept steadily before himself and his audiences. In addition, some transcriptions of organ works by Bach give further interest, and,

being arranged by the player, naturally reflect Bach's spirit more truly than do many pianist's arrangements. Besides these we have had a striking series of recitals of works by one composer given by Mr. Gottfried Galston, which came to an end last week with one on the works of Brahms; and on Saturday Mr. Frederic Lamond gave another recital.

Mr. Galston's programme included Brahms's biggest two sets of variations; at the beginning those on a theme by Handel, op. 24, at the end both books of studies on a theme by Paganini. Between these two main pillars were placed the two rhapsodies of op. 79, Brahms's last work for piano op. 119 (four short pieces ending with the rhapsody in E flat), and some of the waltzes of op. 39. This made a representative programme, though it did not include a sonata. It excluded in fact the first phase of Brahms's piano compositions, but began at the point of his technical maturity. In the Handel variations Mr. Galston brought out with wonderful clearness the individuality of each one. The beauty of his playing lies chiefly in his use of middle qualities of piano tone. His *fortissimo* is often hard and unyielding, as was specially shown in the rhapsody in B minor, and his *pianissimo* is apt to be vague and characterless; it was so in the first intermezzo of op. 119. But in *mezzoforte* and *mezzopiano* passages he is rich in varieties of tone, and this stood him in good stead in both the sets of variations, but especially in the earlier one in which technical difficulties do not hold so important a place. The subtle intertwining of parts in number 2 of the set on Handel's theme, the grace of number 3, the pure melody in number 5, which develops into a two-part canon in the next, these with the many others which are expressive rather than ingenious, which involve command of tone rather than of acrobatic fingers, stood out in perfect shapeliness and beauty. The spirit of Paganini pervades the variations on his theme, and most of them demand accuracy and perfection of finger and wrist as a first qualification, rather than an intimate sense of beauty and power of expressing it. Sometimes Brahms cannot resist indulging in mystic effects of tone such as give point to numbers 11 and 12 of the first book, or breaking into lovely melody as in number 2 of the second book, but in the main the almost demoniacal cleverness of Paganini seems for the moment to have taken hold of him and we listen in wonder rather than delight.

It is always one of the difficulties of the pianist, as to some extent of the composer, to combine in a set of variations the two opposite principles of differentiation and continuity. Certain composers, for instance Schumann in his *Études Symphoniques* and Elgar in his "Enigma" variations, have aimed at independence in the several numbers as complete as a relationship to the parent theme will allow. Brahms, however, in many cases, and especially in the Handel variations, makes a definite point of connection between a variation and the one following it. Thus, as we saw, the melody of number 5 serves with alteration as a subject for canon in number 6; the rhythm set in number 7 continues with persistence through number 8, and many other less obvious cases could be pointed out. Variations so treated have something in common with the development which takes place in a sonata, where new aspects of the subject are arrived at by a gradual process of evolution, and are not merely placed side by side. This particular view of the Handel variations was more clearly demonstrated by Mr. Frederic Lamond, who also played them at his recital on Saturday. He has, of course, the advantage of Mr. Galston in age and experience; instead of inviting his audience to look closely at each beautiful feature as it appeared, he showed them a wide and far-reaching view. We were led from point to point, till, when the summit was reached in the splendid fugue which forms the climax, the whole view of the road we had traversed lay spread before us and its mighty plan was revealed. So played and so heard it is easy to see how the form of variations took the place of the piano sonata in Brahms's

late compositions. He welcomed it in spite of its obvious disadvantage of monotonous tonality, since its other disadvantage of thematic monotony was no disqualification to him. To so fertile a mind it required a work of the length of an average sonata to develop the possibilities of a single theme. In this his mind was more akin to Bach than to Beethoven, as one could not fail to note when these variations were placed between the chromatic fantasia and the Appassionata sonata, as they were on Saturday. All three were played with the same breadth of outlook which, combined with perfection of detail, makes complete understanding, and the variations sounded no less a work than its companions.

As a composer's exercise, or as a display of his ingenuity and of the performer's skill, the form of variations has always been approved; in modern times it has been found suitable as a means of giving a thin line of continuity to a number of short pieces of separate individuality. But as the foundation for a great work of art it has not generally been held in high esteem, and few composers have regarded it with the same seriousness as did Brahms. Its difficulties must always prevent it from being popular, but that it can be thus used Brahms showed so thoroughly that there must be a future for it in this capacity. It demands of composer and of performer alike the power of using both microscope and telescope, if one may be permitted the simile; that is of subjecting the theme to the closest analysis while also taking that far-seeing view which is demanded of the composer of a sonata or a symphony. Brahms had this power in a peculiar degree; as an interpreter Mr. Lamond has it to some extent, but to few is it given.

H. C. C.

## FORTHCOMING BOOKS

DETAILS are now announced of "The Student's series of historical and comparative Grammars," edited by Mr. Joseph Wright, Professor of Comparative Philology in the University of Oxford. The object of this series is to furnish students interested in historical and comparative grammar with handy volumes on the subject. The general editor has already secured the co-operation of the leading philologists in England, Germany and America, and it is confidently expected that during the present year authors will have been secured for the whole series, consisting of about twenty-five volumes. Two volumes—one dealing with phonology, morphology and inflections, and the other with syntax—will be devoted to Latin, Greek, French, German, English and Welsh. One volume will be devoted to each of the following languages and periods of languages: Sanskrit, Old Irish, Breton, Old French and Provençal, Old and Middle High German, Gothic, Old Icelandic, Old Saxon, Old English, Middle English, Old Italian dialects, Old Greek dialects, and Modern English dialects. The series will be printed at the Oxford University Press, and published by Henry Frowde. Vol. i. of the historical German Grammar will be published in April; and two or three other volumes of the series will be ready by the end of 1907.

"The Library of First Principles" is the title chosen by Mr. Francis Griffiths for a new series of half-crown handbooks. As the title implies, the scope of the series is wide, embracing such subjects as lie outside the usual education, and yet are of sufficient interest to the intelligent public to create a desire for accurate yet concise and simple information. Of this series the first volume has already appeared under the title of "The Elements of Greek Worship," by Mr. S. C. Kaines Smith. Other volumes which are shortly to follow are: "English Church Architecture," by Mr. G. A. T. Middleton, A.R.I.B.A., vice-president of the Society of Architects and author of many well-known architectural works; "English Church History," by Mr. R. Ellis Roberts, B.A., author of "Faith and Freedom," and a volume on Greek Architecture by Mr. Kaines Smith. Volumes dealing with such widely diverse subjects as Precious Stones and Political Economy, International Law and Chamber Music are also foreshadowed.

Mr. Andrew Lang is editing an interesting book for Messrs. Jack entitled "Poet's Country." The contributors include Professor Churton Collins, Mr. W. J. Loftie, Mr. E. H. Coleridge, and others, and the book will deal with the various places in Britain associated with the poets, tracing their indebtedness



to nature and their own immediate environment. One feature of this book, which will be issued in May, will be its fine series of reproductions from coloured drawings by Mr. F. S. Walker.

Mr. Edward Arnold's announcements of books to be published in March include Sir Charles Eliot's "Letters from the Far East," and a fourth series of Sir Herbert Maxwell's charming "Memories of the Months." Towards the end of the month a work by the Rev. Arthur Galton, vicar of Edenham and chaplain to the Earl of Ancaster, entitled "Church and State in France, 1300-1907," will appear. The author was formerly a Roman Catholic.

Mr. William Heinemann announces the following books for early publication: this week "The Country House," by John Galsworthy, the author of "The Man of Property"; on March 12 a further two volumes—"Peer Gynt," and "The Enemy of the People" and "Wild Duck"—of the complete copyright edition of Ibsen's works; and on March 15 "Countyside Chronicles," by S. L. Bensusan, with illustrations by Carton Moore-Park, and a volume entitled "Real Soldiers of Fortune," by Richard Harding Davis.

On March 12 Messrs. Smith Elder will publish "Sketches in Mafeking and East Africa," by Maj.-Gen. R. S. S. Baden-Powell. This book, from the lively pen and pencil of one who had he not been a brilliant soldier would have been an equally brilliant artist, is an informal record, profusely illustrated from a fertile sketch-book, of his recent journey to Southern Central Africa with the Duke of Connaught.

Early this month the same publishers will have ready a new volume by Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson. "Beside Still Waters" is an imaginary portrait and traces, with a slender thread of biography, the evolution of a mystical and poetical type of character. There is nothing dramatic in the story, and the interest is mainly psychological. The development of the hero's mind and character is shown in the religious and artistic regions as well as on the ethical side.

On March 8 Messrs. Smith, Elder will publish a new novel by Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, entitled "Poison Island." It is a story of the year 1813 dealing with a hidden treasure. We need say no more.

Mr. Herbert M. Vaughan has written a book entitled "The Naples Riviera," which Messrs. Methuen will publish. The book describes in light vein the many places of beauty that lie upon the bays of Naples and Salerno, including the islands of Ischia and Capri. In the historical traditions—classical, mediæval, and modern—Mr. Vaughan has found many an interesting theme; nor are their literary associations neglected, for the names of Vittoria Colonna, the "Divine poetess of Ischia," of Torquato Tasso, and of Giovanni Boccaccio, that prince of story-tellers, appear in his pages. The folk-lore and superstitions of the peasants, the lives of the coral-fishers and macaroni makers, the dances, the luxuriant wild flowers, are among the varied matters of which Mr. Vaughan treats. The book will be profusely illustrated throughout by coloured reproductions of pictures by Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen.

"Stepping Westward," by "M. E. Francis," is a collection of short stories dealing with rustic life. The scene in some instances is laid in Dorset, and in others in a certain district of south-west Lancashire no less familiar to the author. "Westward" is a comprehensive term, and in this case affords scope for varying types, the characteristics of the Wessex peasant differing widely from those of his "horny-handed brother" dwelling north of the Dee. Messrs. Methuen are the publishers.

"The Truce in the East and its Aftermath," by Mr. B. L. Putnam Weale, which Messrs. Macmillan announce for early publication, forms a sequel to his previous book on "The Reshaping of the Far East." The text is divided into three parts. The first section, in nine chapters, deals exhaustively with "Japan and the New Position"; five chapters are then devoted to a statement of the position of China; and the third part describes how the interests of the Great Powers have been affected by the result of the struggle between Russia and Japan.

Strange as it may appear, no thorough and exhaustive life of Captain Cook has appeared since 1836, although much new information concerning his life and adventures has come to light since then. The "Life and Adventures of Captain Cook, R.N.," by Arthur Kitson, which Mr. John Murray has in the press, is an attempt to fill this gap, and gives a full record of his life, and his active service in the war in Canada in 1759, and of his voyages round the world.

Mr. Francis Griffiths will issue in a few days a volume of theological essays on the Person of Christ as influencing the life of the present day, to which Professors Adeney, Peake,

Allan Menzies and several other writers have contributed. The volume will appear under the title "Lux Hominum."

Mr. John Lane will publish on March 5 a "Life of Lord Chesterfield": An Account of the Ancestry, Personal Character, and Public Services of the Fourth Earl of Chesterfield, by Mr. W. H. Craig. Much has been written of Lord Chesterfield's wit, *savoir faire*, his peculiar system of practical ethics, his sallies into the field of literature, his theory of the "Graces," and his various questionable proclivities; but little has been said about those rarer and higher qualities which distinguished him as a valuable public servant, whose ability, zeal, energy, political foresight, incorruptibility and dexterity have placed England under an obligation to him which she is somewhat liable to forget. With a view to bringing these last-mentioned qualities into prominence, Mr. Craig has avoided dwelling on that side of the earl's character which is more generally known, save where the necessity of preserving the continuity of narrative has obliged him to do so. The volume contains numerous illustrations, including a photogravure portrait.

"Penn's Country and other Buckinghamshire Sketches" is the title of a new book by Mr. E. S. Roscoe, announced to be published shortly by Mr. Elliot Stock. The work is accompanied by an itinerary, some interesting biographical notes and a full index. It will contain many illustrations of the locality, including photographs of buildings, a facsimile of Gray's manuscript of the "Elegy," and some portraits hitherto unpublished of celebrities of the district.

Yet another anthology! Mr. Edward Thomas has prepared for Mrs. Grant Richards an anthology of songs and ballads which will be issued shortly under the title of "The Pocket Book of Poems and Songs for the Open Air." The book is on entirely new lines; not only is it intended to serve as a country wayfarer's book, but in many cases the airs are given as well as the words. There will be love songs, drinking songs, marching songs, hunting songs, folk songs—for the greater part old songs to traditional airs.

Mr. Unwin will publish on March 4 Mr. Douglas Ford's book on "Admiral Vernon and his Times." The memoir of Admiral Vernon (the "Old Grog" of the days of George II.) will fill a gap in the biographies of naval celebrities. Vernon was a fighting man, both at sea and in Parliament, and the story of his career, in the light of great national events, should prove extremely interesting. The memoir is in the nature of a vindication, with sidelights on the Parliamentary intrigues of Sir Robert Walpole and others (in relation mainly to the Navy under the first two Georges). The author has had access to valuable family and official records, and the book is abundantly illustrated. Vernon, it will be remembered, earned his nickname by courageously abolishing the pernicious naval custom of drinking raw spirits.

Mrs. Grant Richards has ready for immediate publication, under the title of "Seeing and Hearing," a new volume of essays by Mr. G. W. E. Russell, author of "Collections and Recollections," "Social Silhouettes," etc.

Messrs. Bell will publish shortly a revised translation of Bede's Ecclesiastical History. It is based on the well-known version of Dr. Giles, but it has been submitted to a thorough revision by Miss A. M. Sellar, who has also added a considerable number of explanatory notes.

"An American Girl in India" is the title of a book by Shelland Bradley, author of "The Doings of Berengaria," which will shortly be published by Messrs. Bell. It gives a humorous picture of Anglo-Indian life, and describes the brilliant pageant of Lord Curzon's great Durbar from an American point of view.

Mr. John Long will publish shortly a novel entitled "The Sweets of Office," by Violet Tweedale. It is, the publisher informs us, "a merciless exposure of political insincerity." O Tempora! O Mores!

Messrs. Ward, Lock announce for early publication a new novel by the late Archibald C. Gunter, entitled "'Twixt Sword and Glove," a story of France in the seventeenth century.

As a companion series to their "Panel-Books" Messrs. Sisley's, Ltd., have in preparation for publication this month a series devoted to standard fiction, which is to be known as the "Novel-Books." The first twelve "Novel-Books" will include "Wuthering Heights," "The Black Tulip," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Salambo," "Christie Johnstone," "Oliver Twist," "Sapho," "A Sentimental Journey," "Silas Marner," "Tales from the Decameron," and "Cranford." The price of each volume is to be half a crown net.

## CORRESPONDENCE

## HENRY FIELDING'S LIBRARY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I shall be glad if you will allow me space to thank Mr. Austin Dobson for his courteous correction. Although familiar with some of his "Eighteenth Century Vignettes," I have not come across the one in which he has recorded his valuable discovery about Fielding's books. I shall certainly make acquaintance with it on the first opportunity.

Travelling, lately, through Fielding's works, I thought it might be of interest to form from his own lips (as it were) an idea of the extent of his reading. For a man whose classical training appears to have ended when he left school, his erudition is remarkable. This fact and the (to me) new one furnished by Mr. Dobson may incline us to suspect that the traditional estimate of his character is vitiated by exaggeration.

It would be interesting to know where "the little parlour" was. Tradition says "Tom Jones" was written at Twerton, near Bath. Perhaps here also Mr. Dobson may be able to give us something more satisfying than tradition?

H. C. M.

February 23.

## A FIELDING BIBLIOGRAPHY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The following additions to the Fielding Bibliography, which appeared in your issue for February 6, may perhaps be welcome to the readers of the ACADEMY.

The translation of "Tom Jones" into Dutch, mentioned there, is the one by M. P. Lindo, published in 1862. But I find amongst my books the second edition, dated 1768, of a Dutch translation by P. le Clercq, a distinguished scholar in his time, who did much towards making his countrymen acquainted with eighteenth-century English literature. Neither is reference made to an English edition of "Tom Jones" in three volumes, which I have in my possession. This edition was printed in Edinburgh by Martin and Wotherspoon, 1767. I am sure that the list of translations given in the Bibliography is capable of being enlarged. In Holland at least Fielding was far better known in the eighteenth century than he would appear to have been from the list. I have a Dutch translation of "Amelia" by Verwer, printed in 1758, and in Fred. Muller's valuable catalogue of Dutch popular prose writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth century I find mentioned one of "Joseph Andrews," printed in 1776. In my collection I have also copies of French translations of "Jos. Andrews" and "Jon. Wild," both published in Geneva in 1781 by Nouffer de Rodon et Compagnie. Both books are included in a "Bibliothèque des Romans Anglois," for the translation of which the Swiss publishers secured the help of an English lady, who in a "Lettre d'une Dame, Angloise à madame —, épouse de M —, maître des Comptes de Montpellier," prefixed to "Joseph Andrews," claims to have written the translation and also gives some explanations of English customs and peculiarities of the period, described by Fielding, for the better information of the French reader.

Her assistance, however, was apparently dispensed with in the following year, for the publishers then produced "La Vie de David Simple" and in 1783 "Aventures de Roderik Random," both of which were introduced to the French public as "Oeuvres de M. Fielding."

A. J. BARNOUW.

The Hague.

## CHÂTEAUBRIAND IN SUFFOLK

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—To aid the research of Mr. Dick, who—ACADEMY No. 1816, page 100—asked for information herein, I may say that Wharton's "English Poetry," London. 1840 (vol. i. page clii. Dissert. iii.) says: "Monfaucon, among the manuscripts of M. Lancelot, recites an old piece, written about the year 1500, 'La vie et fais de Marc Antoine le triumvir et de sa mie Cléopatra, translaté de l'historien Plutarque pour très illustre haute et puissante dame Madame Françoise de Fouez, Dame de Châteaubriand.' I know not whether this piece was ever printed."

Wharton proceeds to say that perhaps Shakespeare had this work among his materials for "Antony and Cleopatra," lately discussed in your columns.

H. H. JOHNSON

February 23.

## GRAMMATICAL PUZZLES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have been much interested from time to time in your correspondence on different points of grammar, etc. I have been hoping to see some remark on sentences such as "I want it cooking" where I naturally would use "cooked"—or again "I want this boy's hair cutting—it is much too long." Sentences such as "Your hair wants cutting" are perfectly familiar to me, but I should not know how to parse the form in "ing" in the first series. I have heard it used by so many people, and if it is correct, I should be glad if one of your readers could explain it to me.

I should also like to know if there is any justification for the use of "get" in sentences like "I wanted to go to town to-day but I could not 'get'!"

PUZZLED.

February 25.

## "ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA AND HER TIMES"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—You do not seem quite to have understood my letter of February 13. I will, therefore, try to make my point a little plainer.

The author of "St. Catherine of Siena and Her Times" placed a certain passage, on page 34, between inverted commas. By doing so she acknowledged that the passage was a quotation.

But your critic, having selected this passage, presents it *without its quotation marks*, and, in that imperfect condition, uses it to substantiate the charge of plagiarism which he brings against the author. He must have known that in the book the marks of quotation were there.

To say, as you do, that the printing of the passage "in small type" rendered the author's inverted commas "superfluous," is, I think, to speak beside the mark. The passage being printed in small type, in the ACADEMY critique, merely meant that the words were not the *ipsissima verba* of the critic, but an extract from the book he was reviewing. But the extract, as it stands, is, I maintain, misleading; for the absence of the inverted commas conveys the impression that the author of "St. Catherine of Siena and Her Times" wished to pass off this particular paragraph as her own; whereas a glance at page 34 of her book will show that she had no such intention. It would have been more chivalrous on the critic's part had he admitted as much.

C. E. HUTCHINSON.

February 23.

[The inverted commas omitted by our reviewer form no acknowledgment that the passage was a quotation from another writer; they show only that the author is quoting the words of an old Italian who is speaking. Mr. Heywood also uses them. Their inclusion or omission does not in any way affect our criticism.—ED.]

## THE ATTIC CANON

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your issue of February 2, Mr. T. Nicklin speaks of those "degenerate pedants who do not recognise that a general use stamps a phrase as Attic, however the grammarian may explain the facts." Among such phrases he instances "like" used for "as"—the split infinitive—and "very pleased." He might have added, as in equally general use, the idioms "those sort of things," "a great lot," "without" used for "unless," and the sloppy feminine abuse of such adjectives as "awful," "funny," and "nice."

Must we not discriminate—both as to the colloquialisms we are to admit as Attic, and as to the class of persons who are to establish this "general use"? Mr. Nicklin, having quoted the late Queen, suggests the ladies as our models. Shall we not find, if we look into the matter, that it is the Gamps, and Malaprops of this life, that originate these solecisms, slur over distinctions, misuse epithets, and so tend to level down the standard of English? Preciosity may be overdone perhaps by some "degenerate pedants," but are the "bas peuple" to be our leaders? We have no "Académie" to control our diction with authority, but we have the ACADEMY, which will surely, in Pater's words, "with all the jealousy of a lover of words, resist a constant tendency on the part of the majority of those who use them to efface the distinctions of language."

GERALD M. TAYLOR.

February 20.



### THE SPLIT INFINITIVE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR—I am glad to see that there are other people besides myself who will not accept the dictum that the split infinitive must not be used. It has always seemed strange to me that when we borrowed so much from the classics to the general enrichment of our language, this particular usage should be barred. We study Demosthenes for polished oratory, and yet are not to imitate him in one of his most powerful and pregnant turns of speech. The "last word" is never said on any subject, and I do not think the split infinitive is as dead as some people would like to see it simply because they have committed themselves to signing its death warrant.

### THE "SEX" NOVEL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—While mildly agreeing with W. B. T., in his protest against novels of the sex problem order I do not see why he should be afraid to give a present of "A Cornish Idyll" to his young friend, who I presume from the tenor of his letter is a maid outside a convent. Now, for his edification and instruction the following experience I relate with unbecoming sincerity. The other week a lady friend—aged twenty-one—asked me if I had read "The Story of a Heart." "By Richard Jefferies?" I queried instantly with my back quivering erect and my eyes staring into her own violet blue depths. "No, surely!" I asked of myself, can she have read "The Story of my Heart"? She had not. And she gave me the book. As in W. B. T.'s case the title was lamentably misleading. It was a book on the sex question. And she asked me how I liked it. My criticism elicited the fact that she loved books dealing with passion, and she was eager to know other authors who wrote about these things. She is now devouring George Moore, Hardy, Balzac, etc. etc., with an incommensurable "lending-library" swiftness and a glad joy that will receive its *hors de combat* in a glutinous attack on Rabelais—if I have my way. And thereafter, if I still have my way, either the "Life of Madame Guyon" or the "Confessions of Rousseau" will make fastidious her animal tastes in human nature literature. Human nature I believe is the only subject worthy close scrutiny by our novelists.

With numerous call our novelists wail  
The sins over-tall, the passions of hell,  
That men at the Fall—wholesale and retail—  
Permitted to crawl ahint on the trail.

They paint as they preach in bloodiest paint  
Desires that screech, which makes the soul faint:  
Though suckling the leech we make the complaint  
That novelists breach the shell of the saint.

In any case it is the spirit of the age—Passion, Soul,  
Psychology, and piteous Ice.

ROBERT MACGREGOR.

February 24.

### THE TRIUMPH OF MAN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Instead of the heading: "Some Protests and an Appreciation" your reviewer "A.D." in yesterday's ACADEMY might have headed his reviews with the more accurate and sensational legend:

"Poets butchered to afford a Reviewer's holiday!"

Seriously, I submit that the methods used by your reviewer "A.D." are unworthy of a high-class literary journal. He designates my "Triumph of Man" as "the noisiest poem for its size" that he has "ever read," and proceeds to complain of the "amount" of "crashing and riving and roaring and groaning and bursting and thundering" which it contains, and then, to demonstrate the justice of his complaint he quotes, *quite inaptly*, nineteen lines from a speech of the Volcanoes! Now, as a matter of fact, the word "rive" or "riving" is not once used throughout the whole of my poem; and it may be an interesting revelation to your reviewer to be informed that the "noisy" and very expressive words to which he takes exception are peculiarly appropriate when applied to the action of volcanoes!

If, as I suspect, your reviewer disagrees with my theological or socialistic teachings why did he not say so in a straightforward manner, instead of unjustly exhibiting his own smartness at my expense and damning my book with very faint and ironical praise?

In justice to myself I trust that you will kindly publish this letter.

PERCY SCHOFIELD.

February 24.

[The description of the poem as a noisy one was solely in reference to its literary quality.—A.D.]

### "ESPERANTO" OR "UNIVERSAL"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—That well-advertised international language, Esperanto, has now had a good chance to prove its merits, but has not succeeded in convincing the world that it possesses all those qualities which are indispensable before it can be accepted as the best possible solution of the problem.

In some respects it is undeniably admirable. Its grammatical structure is as simple as can well be conceived, and its excellent system of terminations and inflections is certainly a marvel of ingenuity on the part of its creator, Dr. Zamenhof.

Nevertheless it is not what one instinctively feels to be the ideal. It is repulsive in appearance; its rules, though simple, have all to be learned by heart before one can even make a beginning; and, above all, the words are taken from such a variety of sources that it is quite impossible to construct a sentence without reference to the dictionary, and difficult to translate one. Moreover, these words have been chosen arbitrarily by the author, who, however, will not tolerate any alteration, but declares that they must be taken just as they are. He has also gone out of his way quite needlessly to introduce a number of new characters, necessitating heavy initial expense before the language can be printed.

Some better solution of the problem must therefore be, and indeed has been found, and that simply by the exercise of a little common sense. It must not be forgotten that Latin was a generally recognised international language, as it still is within the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church. And it would again be adopted by acclamation but for the one drawback which has already brought about its discontinuance. This is its extreme difficulty, necessitating several years' hard study before it can be spoken fluently.

If, however, Latin could be relieved of its complicated grammar, its vocabulary simplified, its anomalies abolished, and such new words added from its daughter tongues, the Romance languages, as time and experience have proved to be necessary or expedient, we should have at once that very ideal language which all of us increasingly feel the need of.

Many linguists have been working towards realising the ideal of a Neo-Latin, but the most perfect solution seems to have been set forth by Dr. Molenaar of Munich, who has published a grammar and dictionary of his proposed language, "Universal," at the price of rs. post free. His scheme is, however, only tentative, and, unlike Dr. Zamenhof, he welcomes suggestions towards its improvement.

The main advantage of Universal is that it can be read easily at first sight by any one who knows Latin, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese or French, and by any intelligent man who can only speak English. Indeed there are thirty thousand words which are common to all western languages, and it is only necessary to put these into a uniform Neo-Latin orthography to have half our new language constructed at once.

To give an idea of the language I will write the rest of this letter in that idiom: "Universal es el plus facil e el plus simpl mund-ling; es komprensibl sin stud a tut eduket European o Amerikan; hav el plus simpl e regular gramatik imaginabl; hav un vokabular pro el plus grand part komun a tut lingi oriental; es non min facile parlet ke skribet; es aprenet in pauk hori; es plus brev ke ul lingi vivent o mort; es eguale bon a fini szientifik, literar, e komercial.

EVACUSTUS A. PHIPSON.

### DR. SCHORSTEIN AND MEDICAL EDUCATION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—We shall be grateful if you will spare us space to advocate simultaneously the claims of Medical Education at the London Hospital Medical College and a memorial to one of the most prominent Physicians at that College.

The colleagues and friends of the late Dr. Schorstein are anxious to perpetuate his memory by the endowment of an advanced course of lectures in Clinical Medicine which, it has long been recognised, is one of the greatest needs of the greatest needs of the Medical School. It is not intended to create by this a course to form part of the ordinary school curriculum, but rather something on the lines of the endowed lectureships at the Royal College of Physicians, such as the Goulstonian.

It is proposed that a course or courses of three or four lectures be given by a Physician to be elected by the governing body of the School. The number of lectures and the remuneration will be determined by the amount of the money raised, but we wish to make clear (1) that the election to the lectureship will be regarded as a professional distinction, (2) that due notice will be given so as to afford the lecturer ample time to prepare a discourse worthy of the subject and of the man in whose memory it is given.

Subscriptions, large or small, may be sent to the Hon. Secretaries of the Fund: Dr. Cholmeley, 11 Portland Place W.; Dr. Cecil Wall, 6 Cavendish Place, W.; or to the Manager, Barclay's Bank, 27 Cavendish Square W. They will be acknowledged on a numbered receipt form, but no list of either donors or amounts will be published as this, it is felt, would have been in accordance with Dr. Schorstein's wish.

Dr. Cecil Wall will be pleased to supply further details of the scheme on application.

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LEWIS MCIVER        WILLIAM OSLER  
C. H. DORKING        PERCY KIDD.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### ART

- Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Second series.* 9½ x 7. Pp. 48. Newnes, 3s. 6d. net.  
[In the "Art Library."]  
Gillat, Louis. *Raphael.* 8½ x 6. Pp. 188. Paris: Librairie de l'Art ancien et moderne, 3f. 50.  
["Les Maitres de l'Art."]

### BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

- Clark, Henry Martyn. *Robert Clark of the Punjab.* Pioneer and Missionary Statesman. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 364. Melrose, 7s. 6d. net.  
*Women of the Second Empire.* Chronicles of the Court of Napoleon III., Compiled from Unpublished Documents by Frédéric Lollée. Translated by Alice M. Irving, with an Introduction by Richard Whiteing. 9 x 5½. Pp. 371. Lane, 21s. net.  
[Fifty-one portraits—three in photogravure.]

### CLASSICS

- Pervigilium Veneris.* Latine Incerti Auctoris. Graece Hugonis H. Johnson. 7½ x 5½. Oxonii: Blackwell, n.p.  
[Paper covers.]

### FICTION

- London, Jack. *White Fang.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 310. Methuen, 6s.  
Magnay, Sir William. *The Amazing Duke.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 311. Unwin, 6s.  
Jennings, E. W. *Under the Pompadour.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 328. Unwin, 6s.  
Colton, Arthur. *The Belted Seas.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 312. Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d.  
*A Suffragette's Love-Letters.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 159. Chatto & Windus, 1s. net.  
*Tales for the Homes.* By Various Authors. With 3 portraits. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 328. Chatto & Windus, 5s. net.  
Urquhart, M. *The Wheel.* A Book of Beginnings. 9 x 5½. Pp. 310. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.  
Burgess, W. V. *Cheshire Village Stories.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 244. Sherratt & Hughes, 3s. 6d. net.  
[Twelve short stories.]  
Galsworthy, John. *The Country House.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 296. Heinemann, 6s.  
Crosbie, Mary. *Disciples.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 319. Methuen, 6s.  
Francis, M. E. *Stepping Westward.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 297. Methuen, 6s.  
[Fourteen short stories.]  
Griffiths, Major Arthur. *Agony Terrace.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 310. White, 6s.  
Hume, Fergus. *The Yellow Hunchback.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 312. White, 6s.  
Barrett, Frank. *The Obliging Husband.* From the Narration of Robin Fairfellow. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 354. Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d. net.

### LITERATURE

- The Shirburn Ballads, 1585-1616.* Edited from the MS. by Andrew Clark. 9 x 5½. Pp. 380. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 10s. 6d. net.  
[The MS., the contents of which are now made public, is one of the treasures of the Earl of Macclesfield's library at Shirburn Castle, Oxfordshire. This edition exhibits the actual text of the MS. in its present order, with the minimum of change or omission. Corruptions are corrected in the footnotes. Most of these ballads are new.]  
Melton, Wightman Fletcher. *The Rhetoric of John Donne's Verse.* 9 x 6. Pp. 209. Baltimore: J. H. Furst Co., n.p.  
[A dissertation submitted to the Board of University Studies of the Johns Hopkins University in conformity with the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.]  
Wright, Thomas. *The Life of Walter Pater.* With 78 plates. 2 vols. 9½ x 6. Pp. 545. Everett & Co., 24s. net.  
Raleigh, Walter. *Samuel Johnson.* 9 x 6. Pp. 27. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1s. net.  
[The Leslie Stephen Lecture, delivered in the Senate House Cambridge, February 22, 1907.]

### MISCELLANEOUS

- Balfour, Jabez Spencer. *My Prison Life.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 376. Chapman & Hall, 6s.  
Kern, Alfred Allan. *The Ancestry of Chaucer.* 9 x 5½. Pp. 163. Baltimore: The Lord Baltimore Press, n.p.  
[A dissertation submitted to the Board of University Studies of the Johns Hopkins University in conformity with the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, 1906.]  
Thorne, Guy. *"I Believe," and other essays.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 311. White, 6s.  
Pearson, Norman. *Some Problems of Existence.* 9 x 5½. Pp. 168. Arnold, 7s. 6d. net.  
Addams, Jane. *Newer Ideals of Peace.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 243. Macmillan, 5s. net.  
[In "The Citizen's Library of Economics, Politics, and Sociology." Parts of two chapters have been delivered in America as addresses, and two have appeared as articles in American periodicals.]

### MUSIC.

- Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians.* Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland. In five volumes—vol. iii. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 862. Macmillan, 21s. net.

### POETRY

- Rossetti, William Michael. *Democratic Sonnets,* 2 volumes 7½ x 5½. Pp. xxxiv and xxxi. Alston Rivers, 1s. net each.  
[Three only of these sonnets have been published before.]  
Davis, Oswald. *Town Moods.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 74. Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. net.

### REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

- Ramsay-Laye, Elizabeth. *Hearts and Diamonds, or Was it an Error?* White, 6s.  
[“A Society Idyll of the Victorian Period.”]  
Dickens, Charles. *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club.* 2 vols. Gaskell, Mrs. *Cranford and The Moorland Cottage.* Brown, Dr. John. *Horae Subseclivae.* Introduction by Austin Dobson. Jerrold, Douglas. *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures, and other Stories and Essays.* Each 6½ x 4. Frowde, 1s. net per vol.  
[In "The World's Classics."]  
Ruskin, John. *Modern Painters* (5 vols.); *The Stones of Venice* (3 vols.); *Lectures on Painting and Architecture*; *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*; *The Elements of Drawing*; "Unto this Last": Four Lectures on the First Principles of Political Economy; *The Two Paths*: being Lectures on Art and its Application to Decoration and Manufacture; *The Political Economy of Art* (subsequently called "A Joy for Ever"); *Selections from the Writings of John Ruskin.* Each 6½ x 4. Routledge, 1s. net.

### THEOLOGY

- The Fifth Gospel*: being The Pauline Interpretation of The Christ. By the author of "The Faith of a Christian." 7½ x 5½. Pp. 223. Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net.

### TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

- Maxwell, George. *In Malay Forests.* 8 x 5½. Pp. 306. Blackwood, 6s. net.  
[Six of the articles included in this volume have appeared in *Blackwood's* and other magazines.]



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